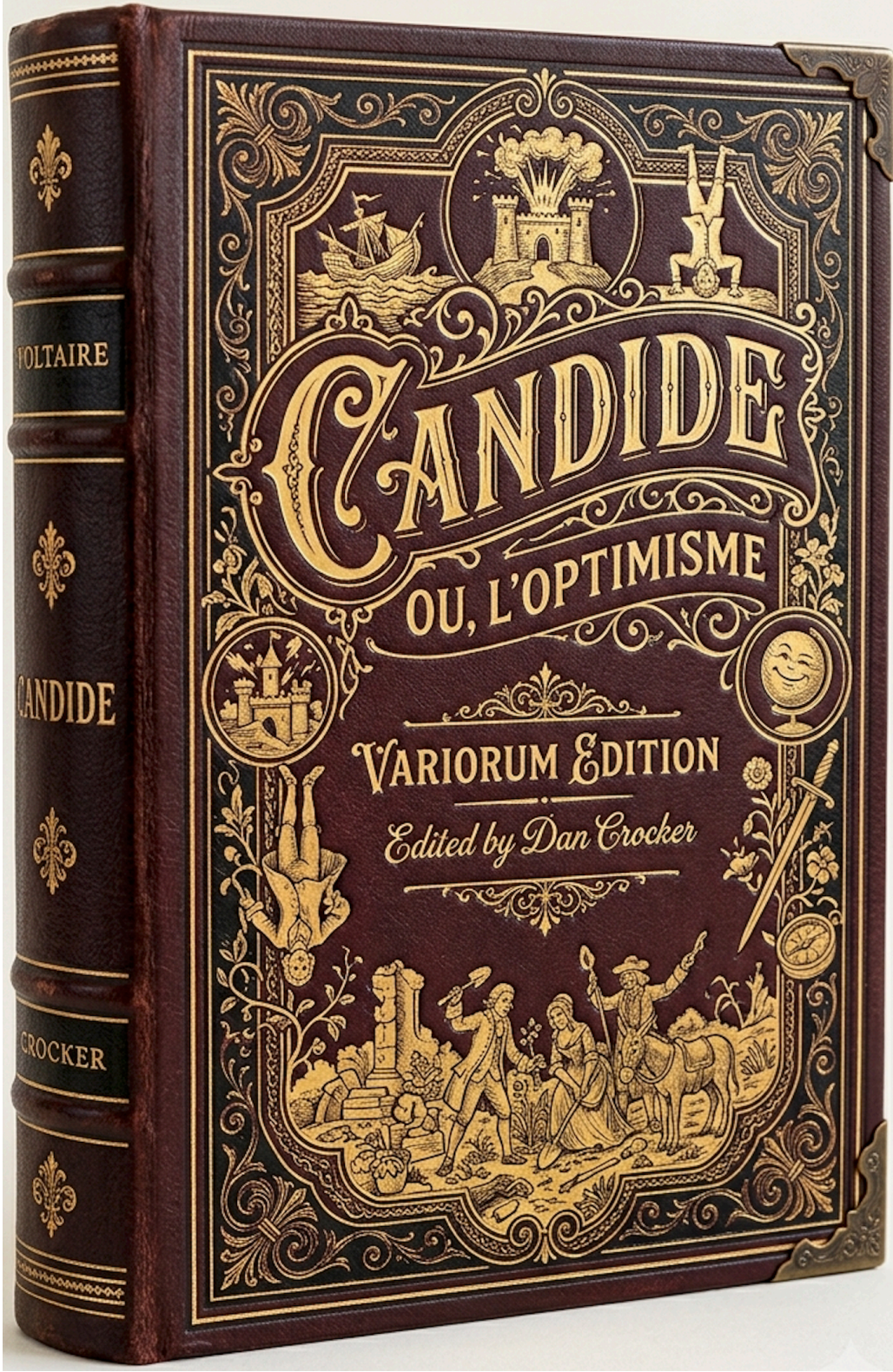
VOLTAIRE
CANDIDE
CROCKER
CANDIDE
OU, L'OPTIMISME
VARIORUM EDITION
Edited by Dan Crocker

A Variorum Companion and Annotated Translation of Voltaire's Candide, ou l'Optimisme

Edited and Compiled by Dan Crocker

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A Variorum Companion and Annotated Translation of Voltaire's

Candide, ou l'Optimisme

Original Text by

François-Marie Arouet (Voltaire)

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With Reference to the Scholarship of

Robert M. Adams · Georges Ascoli · Giles Barber · Theodore Besterman · William F. Bottiglia · Nicholas Cronk · Gustave Flaubert · Daniel Gordon · Gustave Lanson · A. O. Lovejoy · Haydn Mason · André Morize · Eric Palmer · René Pomeau · Burton Raffel · I. O. Wade · Renée Waldinger · J. G. Weightman · Shane Weller · David Wootton

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Editor's Introduction

On the Necessity of Laughing at the Worst

Dan Crocker

In January of 1759, an aging exile living on the French-Swiss border — a man who had been imprisoned, banished, cheated by kings, and betrayed by friends — sat down and, in what appears to have been a sustained act of furious gaiety, produced the funniest book ever written about human misery. He was sixty-four years old. He had watched an earthquake swallow Lisbon and a continent swallow itself in war. He had spent decades arguing with the finest minds in Europe about whether the universe was fundamentally good, and the universe had answered him with thirty thousand corpses.

He wrote *Candide*.

What Voltaire accomplished in fewer than a hundred pages has not been equaled in nearly three centuries of trying, though the trying itself has produced some of the most vital literature in the Western tradition. He invented a genre, the philosophical comedy of atrocity, and then perfected it in his first attempt, leaving every successor in the awkward position of inheriting a form that arrived fully mature. *Candide* is, in the deepest sense, a work without precedent and without true sequel: there is only the original, and then there are the rest of us, cultivating our gardens in its enormous shadow.

This introduction attempts to trace that shadow: to follow the line from Voltaire's Westphalia through Twain's Camelot to Vonnegut's Dresden to the psychedelic Hollywood of Terry Southern, and to ask what it means that history has consistently demanded *more* absurdity from *Candide*'s interpreters than Voltaire himself ever required.

I. What Voltaire Did to Comedy

Before *Candide*, satire had teeth but rarely drew blood from God. Jonathan Swift, thirty years earlier, had proposed eating Irish babies with such deadpan conviction that some readers took him seriously, a foundational text of the dark comic tradition. But Swift's *Modest Proposal* attacked policy; Voltaire attacked the architecture of the cosmos. Pangloss does not merely defend a bad government or a corrupt church; he defends the structure of reality itself. When he proves that the bay of Lisbon was formed expressly for Jacques the Anabaptist to drown in, he is not satirizing a politician. He is satirizing theodicy, the entire enterprise of explaining why a supposedly benevolent God permits suffering.

This was new. And it was dangerous. Not because it was blasphemous (though it was: banned, seized, and confiscated across Catholic Europe within weeks of publication), but because it proposed a new relationship between comedy and catastrophe. Before Voltaire, comedy and tragedy were understood as separate modes. You could write a funny play or a sad one. *Candide* demonstrated that the two were not merely compatible but inseparable: that the appropriate response to a world in which auto-da-fés are conducted to prevent earthquakes — and the earthquakes continue anyway — is neither weeping nor laughing, but both simultaneously, in the same breath, at the same pitch.

The Baroness weighs three hundred and fifty pounds and is therefore a person of great consideration. Noses were made for spectacles. These formulations are funny in the way that a man slipping on a banana peel is funny, except the banana peel is the Lisbon earthquake and the man is the human race.

Voltaire understood something that his successors have spent centuries elaborating: that the deadpan narration of horror is funnier — and more horrifying — than either horror or comedy alone. When the Old Woman mentions, almost as an aside, that the imam's "compassionate" sermon persuaded the janissaries to eat only *one* buttock from each of the women, the sentence achieves a compression of comedy and atrocity that operates on the reader like a depth charge. You laugh, and then you realize what you laughed at, and then you cannot decide

whether the laughter or the realization is worse.

This is the mechanism that drives all subsequent dark humor. Voltaire built it. The rest of us are driving it.

II. The American Inheritors

The line from Voltaire to America runs through Mark Twain, who read Voltaire with admiration and who faced a similar predicament: how does a humorist respond to a civilization that is simultaneously the best humanity has produced and an ongoing moral catastrophe?

Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889) is, in many ways, the American *Candide*: a naive protagonist thrust into a world of institutional cruelty, religious hypocrisy, and aristocratic absurdity, armed with nothing but common sense and an unwarranted confidence that reason can fix things. Hank Morgan, like Candide, discovers that the world does not yield to good intentions. But where Voltaire's Candide concludes by retreating to his garden, Twain's Yankee concludes by electrocuting twenty-five thousand knights with a Gatling gun and a dynamo, then falling into an enchanted sleep from which he never recovers. The garden, for Twain, is not available. Progress itself is the problem. Twain described his own novel as "one vast sardonic laugh at the trivialities, the servilities of our poor human race," and he strongly praised the French Revolution, defending the Reign of Terror as a minor problem compared to the centuries of monarchy that preceded it. This is pure Voltairean logic: the catastrophe of reform is preferable to the catastrophe of the status quo.

Disney, naturally, adapted *A Connecticut Yankee* multiple times (in 1949 with Bing Crosby, in 1979 as *Unidentified Flying Oddball*, and in 1995), each version progressively sanding away the darkness until the Gatling gun became a sight gag and the enchanted death became a happy ending. The history of Twain's reception, like Voltaire's, is a history of institutions trying to make satire safe for the people it satirizes.

III. The Dark Humorists: Vonnegut, Southern, and the Twentieth Century Apocalypse

The Second World War did to twentieth-century writers what the Lisbon earthquake did to Voltaire: it made optimism obscene. The philosophical question was no longer whether this was the best of all possible worlds (nobody believed that anymore), but whether any coherent response to the world was possible at all.

Kurt Vonnegut, who survived the firebombing of Dresden as a prisoner of war in an underground slaughterhouse, spent twenty-three years trying to write about it before producing *Slaughterhouse-Five* (1969), a novel that resolves the problem of representing mass death by refusing to represent it directly, substituting instead the Tralfamadorian shrug: "So it goes." The phrase, repeated over a hundred times in the novel, functions exactly as Pangloss's "all is for the best" functions in *Candide*: as a philosophical mantra that becomes more appalling with each repetition, until the reader can no longer tell whether it is wisdom or madness. Vonnegut himself acknowledged the debt, writing that "laughs are exactly as honorable as tears" and that he preferred to laugh "since there is less cleaning up to do afterward." He chose, as Voltaire had chosen, the comedy of atrocity over the tragedy of atrocity — not because the comedy is kinder, but because it is more accurate.

If Vonnegut is Voltaire's most philosophically faithful heir, Terry Southern is his most scandalous. Southern's novel *Candy* (1958), co-written with Mason Hoffenberg and originally published pseudonymously by the Olympia Press in Paris (itself later chased and marked for destruction by French authorities, in an echo of *Candide*'s own censorship, is a deliberate transposition of Voltaire's plot onto postwar America. Candy Christian, a naively innocent young woman whose name is itself a feminized pun on Candide, stumbles through a landscape of predatory professors, fraudulent gurus, incompetent generals, and hypocritical clergymen, losing her innocence in explicitly sexual encounters that Voltaire had merely implied. Southern, who believed that "the important thing in writing is the capacity to astonish," pushed the Voltairean method to its logical extreme: if the deadpan

narration of horror is the engine of dark comedy, then the deadpan narration of obscenity is its turbocharger.

The 1968 film adaptation of Candy, directed by Christian Marquand with a screenplay by Buck Henry (replacing Southern's own draft), is one of the strangest artifacts of the 1960s: a psychedelic, star-studded disaster featuring Marlon Brando as a guru, Richard Burton as a dissolute Welsh poet, and Ringo Starr as a Mexican gardener, all orbiting the blank-eyed Swedish ingénue Ewa Aulin. The film was, by nearly universal consensus, terrible. But its terribleness is itself instructive: it demonstrates the difficulty of translating Voltaire's tonal control into a medium that requires visible bodies.

Southern's more successful Voltairean work was arguably his screenplay for Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove* (1964), in which a deranged general launches a nuclear strike and a roomful of politicians and military officers attempt, with increasing hilarity and decreasing competence, to prevent the end of the world. The film ends with Slim Pickens riding a nuclear bomb to earth like a rodeo cowboy, waving his hat. It is the auto-da-fé scene from *Candide* restaged for the atomic age: men of power and learning performing elaborate rituals to prevent a catastrophe, and the catastrophe happening anyway, and the rituals turning out to be the catastrophe.

IV. The Problem of Escalation

Here we arrive at the peculiar difficulty facing anyone who interprets *Candide* in the twenty-first century: history has outpaced the satire.

Voltaire's catalog of horrors — earthquakes, war, rape, slavery, religious persecution, syphilis, piracy, cannibalism — was, in 1759, the most comprehensive inventory of human suffering ever assembled in a comic work. It was comprehensive enough. But the intervening centuries have added items to the list that would have strained even Voltaire's capacity for deadpan: industrialized genocide, nuclear weapons, climate catastrophe, the twenty-four-hour news cycle, social

media, and the phenomenon of people recording atrocities on their phones while providing live commentary. The auto-da-fé, at least, required a university to authorize it; our modern equivalents require only a Wi-Fi connection.

Each generation of *Candide*'s interpreters has therefore been forced to increase the dosage. Voltaire drowned an Anabaptist; Twain electrocuted twenty-five thousand knights; Vonnegut firebombed Dresden; Southern deployed nuclear weapons and psychedelic orgies. Bernstein, in his operetta, required seven lyricists across six separate versions over thirty-three years to find a tone that could hold the material. Mark Ravenhill, in his 2013 Royal Shakespeare Company adaptation, translated the entire novel into 140-character Twitter episodes, a medium whose brevity is itself a commentary on the attention span available for human suffering.

The pattern suggests an uncomfortable law: as the world becomes more Panglossian in its capacity for organized self-destruction, the satirist must become more extreme to achieve the same effect. Voltaire could scandalize Europe by suggesting that an earthquake was not part of God's plan. Today, we must contend with the fact that significant numbers of people believe the earthquake was caused by a secret government weather machine, and that the relief funds were embezzled by a cabal of lizard people, and that the whole thing was predicted by a YouTube channel with fourteen million subscribers. Pangloss, at least, was a trained metaphysician; our contemporary optimists need only an internet connection and the serene confidence that their sufficient reason is more sufficient than yours.

V. Why This Edition

The text you hold in your hands (or scroll through on your screen, in a form Voltaire could not have imagined but would certainly have exploited) attempts to serve two purposes simultaneously, as Voltaire's novel itself does.

The first is scholarly: to present a reliable English translation of *Candide*

with variorum annotations tracking the differences between the 1759 and 1761 editions, comparing the major English translations, and providing the historical and philosophical context necessary for a full encounter with the text. The companion essay traces the publication history, the critical reception from Madame de Staël's "infernal gaiety" through Flaubert's hundred readings, and the cultural afterlife from Paul Klee's expressionist illustrations through Bernstein's operetta to Vonnegut's Tralfamadorians.

The second purpose is to let the novel speak. *Candide* does not need an introduction; it needs readers. The annotations exist to lower barriers, not to interpose themselves between reader and text. When Pangloss proves that noses were made for spectacles, no footnote is necessary. The joke is eternal. When the slave at Surinam explains that the price of sugar in Europe is the amputation of his hand and his leg, no commentary can improve upon his testimony. And when Candide, at last, confronted with one final attempt by Pangloss to explain the concatenation of events in the best of all possible worlds, replies simply, "That is well said, but we must cultivate our garden" — the sentence means what it has always meant, which is both everything and nothing, and it is the reader's job, not the editor's, to decide which.

VI. Conclusion: A Joke

Voltaire was once asked what he thought of the state of civilization.

Had he been alive today, he would not have needed to answer. He would merely have gestured at a world in which a man can be connected to all of human knowledge through a device in his pocket, and use it to argue with strangers about whether the earth is flat — while sitting in an airport named after a president who was shot, waiting for a flight that will be delayed because the airline's scheduling algorithm, which replaced the humans who used to do the job, has encountered an unexpected error, meaning that four hundred passengers will spend the night on the floor of a terminal whose television screens show, on a loop, a news anchor explaining that

consumer confidence is at an all-time high.

Pangloss would be proud. All is for the best. The floor is very clean. But we must cultivate our garden.

Dan Crocker 2026

PART ONE

Variorum Companion

History, Translations, Criticism, and Cultural Legacy

Part I: The Genesis of *Candide*

Voltaire at the Crossroads

By 1758, when Voltaire sat down to compose *Candide* in what he later described as a few feverish days at his estate in Ferney, he was already sixty-four years old and among the most famous writers in Europe. Yet his personal history in the years immediately preceding the work reads like a catalog of disillusionment remarkably similar to that of his protagonist. He had lost favor at the court of Louis XV in 1747. His intellectual companion and lover, the Marquise du Châtelet, had died in 1749. His celebrated residency at the court of Frederick the Great of Prussia had ended bitterly in 1753, leaving him feeling betrayed by a monarch he had admired. And by 1755, his complicated relationship with Frederick made it impossible for him to return freely to his homeland.

But the catalyst that transformed personal disappointment into one of the great satirical masterpieces of Western literature was a catastrophe of nature and of human response to nature: the Great Lisbon Earthquake of November 1, 1755.

The Lisbon Earthquake and the Crisis of Optimism

On All Saints' Day, 1755, a massive earthquake struck Lisbon, followed by a tsunami and devastating fires. Approximately thirty thousand people perished in roughly six minutes. The disaster sent shockwaves through the intellectual world of Europe far beyond the physical devastation it wrought. For thinkers wrestling with Leibniz's theodicy — the philosophical argument that a benevolent God must have created the best of all possible worlds — the earthquake posed an unanswerable challenge.

Voltaire's immediate reaction survives in a letter to M. Tronchin of Lyons, dated November 24, 1755, from Les Délices. The letter, preserved by the Voltaire Society of America, captures the raw, sardonic grief that would later crystallize into *Candide*:

> *This is indeed a cruel piece of natural philosophy! We shall find it difficult to discover how the laws of movement operate in such fearful disasters* in the best of all possible worlds — *where a hundred thousand ants, our neighbours, are crushed in a second on our ant-heaps…*

The comparison of human beings to ants, the mock-philosophical tone, the savage irony directed at theological complacency — all the essential ingredients of *Candide* are already present in embryo. Voltaire added a bitter aside hoping that the Palace of the Inquisition had been destroyed along with everything else, a sentiment that would find its way into the auto-da-fé scene of chapters five and six.

Before *Candide*, Voltaire responded more formally with his *Poème sur le désastre de Lisbonne* (1756), which directly attacked the optimistic maxim that "whatever is, is right." Jean-Jacques Rousseau wrote a lengthy rebuttal defending providence; this exchange forms the essential philosophical backdrop to the novel.

The Seven Years' War

The other great contemporary catastrophe shaping *Candide* was the Seven Years' War (1756–1763), in which England allied with Prussia

and Hanover against France, Russia, Austria, Sweden, and Saxony. The war inflicted widespread death on civilians and soldiers across Europe and the American colonies. Voltaire opened his tale with a false paradise in Westphalia, the very German province where the disastrous Battle of Minden would occur in August 1759. The arrogant, brutal Prussian aristocrats and sadistic military drills of the opening chapters are pointed satire of Frederick's Prussia, directed by a writer who had once been the king's guest and admirer.

Part II: Publication History and the Variorum

Problem The First Edition and the Explosion of Piracy

Candide was first published in January 1759 by the Cramer brothers of Geneva, Voltaire's primary printers. The original title page read: *CANDIDE, OU L'OPTIMISME, TRADUIT DE L'ALLEMAND DE MR. LE DOCTEUR RALPH.* The fictional attribution to "Doctor Ralph" was one of Voltaire's characteristic games of disguise, necessitated in part by the certainty of censorship.

What followed was a publishing phenomenon virtually without precedent. Within the year 1759, at least seventeen separate editions appeared bearing that date, making the bibliographic history of *Candide* one of the most complex problems in eighteenth-century textual scholarship. The research of Giles Barber on these editions has shown that counterfeit printers across Europe took extraordinary care to imitate the Cramer original (replicating page layout, spelling, and even ornamental details) while retaining subtle regional typographic characteristics that allow specialists to identify provenance. As the *Histoire de l'édition française* records, a common decorative style arose from one end of Europe to the other around this single text.

Three English translations appeared in 1759 alone, and one Italian translation. The earliest English versions bore titles reflecting different interpretive emphases: *Candide: or, All for the Best* (1759); *Candide: or, The Optimist* (1762); and much later, *Candide: or, Optimism* (1947). Each

subtitle reveals shifting understandings of the work's central concern.

The 1761 Revision

Candide underwent one major authorial revision. In 1761, Voltaire published a version that included, along with several minor changes, a substantial expansion of chapter twenty-two, a section set in Paris that had been criticized as weak by the Duke of Vallière. The expanded English title announced itself as *Candide, or Optimism, Translated from the German of Dr. Ralph. With the additions found in the Doctor's pocket when he died at Minden, in the Year of Grace 1759*, a further layer of fictional playfulness that anchored the tale to the real-world catastrophe of the Battle of Minden.

The Final Authorized Text

The last edition of *Candide* authorized by Voltaire was included in Cramer's 1775 edition of his complete works, known as *l'édition encadrée*, named for the decorative border around each page. This is the text that most modern scholarly editions take as their base, though the variations among the 1759 editions and the 1761 revision remain subjects of active textual scholarship.

Voltaire's Game of Masks: The Letter to the *Journal Encyclopédique*

Among the most revealing documents in the variorum tradition is the letter Voltaire addressed to the *Journal encyclopédique*, dated April 1, 1759 (possibly an April Fool's joke), though not printed until July 15. In this letter, preserved by the Voltaire Society of America, Voltaire disguises himself as the brother of the supposed author, one "Captain Demad" (an English-language pun, likely on "demand" or "de mad"), displacing authorial responsibility still further from the already fictional "Docteur Ralph."

The letter is a masterpiece of ironic ventriloquism. While ostensibly defending the tale, "Demad" reaffirms its most controversial claims

(particularly the denunciation of Jesuit dominance in Paraguay and the ridicule of optimism) while pretending to defend them on orthodox theological grounds. The *Journal encyclopédique*, which had actually given *Candide* a negative review despite being broadly sympathetic to the *philosophes*, appended a dry editorial note: they had been unable to discover the existence of Monsieur Demad, Captain of the Brunswick Regiment.

Part III: The Variorum of English

Translations The Problem of Translating

Voltaire

The translation of *Candide* into English presents unique challenges that have preoccupied successive generations of translators. Voltaire's French is deceptively simple — lapidary, swift, dry — and his irony depends on an extraordinary economy of means. Where the events described are grotesque and violent, the narrative voice remains bland, matter-of-fact, almost clerical. This disjunction between content and tone is the engine of the satire, and it is precisely what is hardest to reproduce.

Key English Translations: A Comparative Survey

The 1759 Anonymous Translation (Broadview Edition, ed. Eric Palmer) The Broadview edition uniquely presents the text of one of the very earliest English translations, published concurrently with the French first edition. Nicholas Cronk, Director of the Voltaire Foundation at Oxford, has praised this for capturing the "authentic" English voice of *Candide* as its first anglophone readers would have encountered it. The language is robust, sometimes blunt, reflecting mid eighteenth-century English prose conventions.

Tobias Smollett et al. (1762) Often attributed to the novelist Smollett, this translation became widely circulated and remained the standard English version for more than a century. Its influence on how English-speaking readers understand *Candide* has been enormous, though

modern scholars have noted that it sometimes smooths out Voltaire's more shocking passages.

Robert M. Adams (Norton Critical Edition, 1966) Long considered a benchmark for scholarly editions, Adams's translation is paired with extensive contextual materials including background essays by Gustave Lanson, André Morize, and A.O. Lovejoy, and critical readings by Georges Ascoli, René Pomeau, I.O. Wade, and J.G. Weightman. The Norton edition also includes the important "Climate of Controversy" section gathering responses from William Blake, Madame de Staël, Joseph de Maistre, Victor Hugo, the Goncourts, Anatole France, Gustave Flaubert, and others.

David Wootton (Hackett, 2000) Wootton's translation has been praised as sharp and vivid. Most notably, Wootton made the daring choice to translate *jardin* not as "garden" but as "land," rendering Voltaire's most famous line as "we must work our land" rather than the traditional "we must cultivate our garden." This interpretive choice shifts the emphasis from contemplative withdrawal toward active, material engagement, a significant philosophical distinction. His edition is distinguished by extensive supplementary texts including selections from Leibniz, Pope's *Essay on Man*, Voltaire's *Poem on the Lisbon Disaster*, and Rousseau's letter defending optimism.

Daniel Gordon (Bedford/St. Martin's) Gordon's translation is notable for restoring the sexual frankness of Voltaire's original. Previous translators had often softened the sexual innuendo; Gordon brings it back, making visible, for instance, the lechery of the Baroness and the homosexual relations between Candide and the Périgordian Abbé. As the *Project MUSE* review noted, Gordon's approach puts "the sex back into Candide, where it belongs."

Burton Raffel (Yale University Press) Raffel, the Distinguished Professor of Arts and Humanities at the University of Louisiana at Lafayette (and translator of Rabelais's *Gargantua and Pantagruel*), brought particular fluency to his rendering. His version has been described as

stylistically superior to predecessors and the translation of choice for twenty-first-century readers.

Theo Cuffe (Penguin Classics) Cuffe's translation, introduced by Michael Wood, has become another standard modern edition, praised for its clarity and readability.

The Central Translation Crux: *Il faut cultiver notre jardin*

No line in French literature has been more translated, debated, or culturally absorbed than Candide's closing declaration. The variorum of its renderings maps the history of how readers have understood the tale's meaning:

- "*We must cultivate our garden*", the traditional rendering, suggesting withdrawal into private virtue
- "*We must work our land*", Wootton's version, emphasizing practical labor over philosophical retreat
- "*Let us cultivate our garden*", a more communal, exhortative phrasing
- "*We must tend our garden*", softening the labor into stewardship

Each version encodes a different philosophy. Is Candide advocating Epicurean retreat from the world? Practical engagement? Resigned acceptance? The ambiguity is Voltaire's, and the translators' choices illuminate, rather than resolve, it.

Part IV: Critical Responses Across the Centuries

The Eighteenth Century: Scandal and Delight

Candide was immediately banned and immediately beloved. The Parisian Advocate General Omer-Louis-François Joly de Fleury found it "contrary to religion and morals." Religious officials pronounced the

book "full of dangerous principles concerning religion and tending to moral depravation." The police were ordered to seize all copies; yet the controversy only fueled the book's popularity, and the phrase "Let us eat a Jesuit" became a popular catchphrase.

Madame de Staël offered one of the most famous early assessments, calling *Candide* a work of "infernal gaiety" by a writer who laughs "like a demon, or like a monkey at the miseries of this human race with which he has nothing in common." This judgment, at once awed and alarmed, established the essential terms of the critical debate: Is Voltaire's laughter redemptive or nihilistic? Compassionate or cruel?

The Nineteenth Century: Rehabilitation

For much of the century after its publication, *Candide* was admired more than respected, treated as a brilliant jeu d'esprit rather than a serious literary achievement. The critical turning point came with **Gustave Flaubert**, who claimed to have read *Candide* one hundred times and even translated it into English to view it in a different light. Flaubert identified *Candide* as one of only five or six literary models he had looked to. His assessment captures the paradox at the heart of the work: Voltaire's entire intelligence was "a machine of war," and what endeared him to Flaubert was "the disgust inspired by the Voltaireans, people who laugh at great things! Did he laugh? He gnashed his teeth." When a writer of Flaubert's stature could champion the work so fiercely, *Candide* entered what Haydn Mason has called "the inner circle of great classics."

Victor Hugo and **Anatole France** added their voices to the growing chorus of appreciation, though from different angles: Hugo emphasizing Voltaire's humanitarian passion, France his artistic mastery.

Joseph de Maistre represented the opposing tradition, condemning Voltaire's corrosive skepticism as spiritually destructive. This tension between those who see *Candide* as liberating and those who see it as nihilistic has never been resolved, and arguably constitutes part of the

work's enduring vitality.

The Twentieth Century: Scholarly Excavation

Modern scholarship on *Candide* began in earnest with **André Morize's** critical edition of 1913, which for the first time systematically identified the historical sources and intellectual contexts of the tale. Morize's work established *Candide* as a text requiring the same scholarly apparatus as any major literary work.

René Pomeau's *La Religion de Voltaire* (1956) reframed the debate by emphasizing both the importance of style and the "irreducible paradox" at the heart of Voltaire's thought: God exists, and evil exists. The world has some sort of general order and is not reducible to pure absurdity; but the horrors are real. This appreciation of tension, rather than resolution, has informed much subsequent criticism.

I.O. Wade provided meticulous bibliographic and textual scholarship. **J.G. Weightman** explored what he called "the quality of *Candide*": the aesthetic dimension that earlier scholars, focused on ideas, had sometimes neglected. The Modern Language Association's *Approaches to Teaching Voltaire's Candide* (1987), edited by Renée Waldinger, gathered essays on the work's modernity, literary form, narrative technique, comic writing, voyage structure, and use as a teaching text across disciplines from world literature to history surveys to freshman writing courses.

The Twenty-First Century: Candide and Contemporary Theory

Recent scholarship has extended the analysis in several directions. Feminist readings have examined the "distinctly limited role" of women as objects of male desire, while noting that Voltaire gives his female characters full rein to articulate their experiences; the Old Woman's tale is one of the most powerful sections of the book. Postcolonial readings focus on the Surinam slave scene and Voltaire's critique of the sugar trade. The debate between "inside" and "outside" interpretive

frameworks (whether the garden represents Voltaire's own philosophy or a further ironic displacement) continues. Martine Darmon Meyer has argued that denying *Candide* is primarily a mockery of optimism is a "very basic betrayal of the text."

Part V: The "Tout Est Bien" Article and the Philosophical Dictionary

Five years after *Candide*, Voltaire returned to the problem of optimism in his *Philosophical Dictionary* (1764) with the article "Tout est bien" ("All is Good"). Where *Candide* attacked optimism through narrative and irony, this article engaged the arguments more directly, though humor remained a primary weapon.

The article traces the doctrine from Plato through Leibniz, demolishing each version in turn. On Leibniz: he "did mankind the service of explaining that we ought to be entirely satisfied, and that God could do no more for us." On the problem of evil: "What! to be chased from a place of delights, where we would have lived for ever if an apple had not been eaten!" On the consolation offered by Pope: "Here, I must admit, we have a pleasant consolation."

The most striking passage offers one of the great thought experiments in philosophical literature: the kidney stone as proof of universal order. Voltaire describes in excruciating detail the formation of a kidney stone by "admirable mechanics" and "excellent Newtonian attraction," followed by surgical extraction and death in "frightful torments." His conclusion is devastating in its ironic blandness: "All this is good, all this is the evident consequence of inalterable physical principles. I agree with them, and I knew it as well as you did."

The article concludes with Roman legal notation: *N.L., non liquet*: this is not clear. It is perhaps the most honest philosophical conclusion in Voltaire's entire oeuvre.

Part VI: Cultural Afterlife

In Visual Art

Voltaire himself opposed illustrations, writing in a 1778 letter that such "baubles have never been allowed in the works of Cicero, Virgil and Horace." Nevertheless, *Candide* has attracted major artists across three centuries.

Jean-Michel Moreau le Jeune produced two sets of illustrations, the first at his own expense in 1787 for the Kehl *Oeuvres Complètes*, with engravings by Pierre Charles Baquoy, and a second expanded set in 1803.

Paul Klee represents the most consequential artistic encounter with the text. In January 1911, encouraged by the artist Alfred Kubin, Klee began illustrating *Candide* with twenty-six expressionistic line drawings of a grotesque, caricatural character that he felt perfectly suited the tone of Voltaire's work. The illustrations were published in a 1920 limited edition of 625 copies by Kurt Wolff. Klee himself stated that it was while reading *Candide* that he discovered his own artistic style, an extraordinary claim that places Voltaire's tale at the origin point of one of the twentieth century's most influential visual vocabularies.

Rockwell Kent illustrated the work for the first book ever published under the Random House colophon, a fact that links *Candide* to the founding mythology of American publishing itself.

Quentin Blake, the celebrated British illustrator, also produced a notable version. In Music: Leonard Bernstein's Candide

The most important musical adaptation is Leonard Bernstein's operetta, which has its own variorum history almost as complex as the novel's. Bernstein and playwright Lillian Hellman conceived the project in the early 1950s as a satirical response to McCarthyism. Both had suffered personal and professional consequences from the anti-Communist fervor of the era, as had their mentor Aaron Copland, who accumulated over a thousand pages of FBI files. Hellman saw the

overblown optimism, abuses of power, and hypocrisy in *Candide* as an ideal metaphor for the American Red Scare.

The operetta premiered on December 1, 1956, at the Martin Beck Theatre, and was a commercial disaster, closing after only 73 performances. Critics found Hellman's libretto too heavy-handed: the *New York Times* complained that where Voltaire was "ironic and bland," Hellman was "explicit and vigorous." The *New York Herald Tribune* called it "a really spectacular disaster."

Yet the original cast recording (featuring Robert Rounseville as Candide, Barbara Cook as Cunegonde, and Max Adrian as Pangloss) became a cult classic and led critics and theater fans to a new appreciation of the score. The overture quickly became a concert staple worldwide. "Glitter and Be Gay," Cunegonde's showpiece aria, entered the permanent repertoire of coloratura sopranos.

What followed was an unprecedented history of revision. In 1973, Harold Prince and Hugh Wheeler created a radically reimagined small-scale version that ran for 740 performances on Broadway. In 1982, the New York City Opera mounted the first "opera house version." In 1988, the Scottish Opera staged yet another revision, which Bernstein then took as the basis for what he called his "final revised version," recorded in December 1989 at the London Barbican Centre, just months before his death. At least seven lyricists contributed across the various versions: Richard Wilbur, John La Touche, Dorothy Parker, Lillian Hellman, Stephen Sondheim, John Mauceri, and Bernstein himself. As one scholar noted, the result was surprisingly not a "too many cooks" scenario: the words, largely drawn from Voltaire, retained the original's levity.

Bernstein's score is itself a variorum: a kaleidoscopic succession of musical styles including jazz, Broadway, Stravinsky, neo-Baroque, operetta, tango, and even a Schoenbergian twelve-tone row. Just as Voltaire's Candide wanders the world, Bernstein's *Candide* wanders the entire landscape of Western music.

By 2018, *Candide* had risen to become the eleventh most performed opera worldwide.

In Modern Literature

The influence of *Candide* on later literature is pervasive. The French critic Armand Mattelart sees its DNA in the great dystopian novels: Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, and Yevgeny Zamyatin's *We*. Huxley himself wrote an essay, "On Re-Reading Candide" (1923), arguing that the horrors of the world in 1922 crowd more thickly than those in Candide's world.

The influence extends to the American black humorists: Joseph Heller, John Barth, Thomas Pynchon, Kurt Vonnegut, and Terry Southern. Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five*, with its recurrent "So it goes" punctuating each death, is perhaps the most Voltairean novel of the twentieth century.

Charles Brockden Brown's Edgar Huntly (1799) shows early direct influence. Mark Ravenhill's Candide (2013), written for the Royal Shakespeare Company, explored contemporary positive thinking as a modern form of Panglossian rationalization. In preparation for the opening, Ravenhill "translated" the entire novel into 140-character Twitter episodes, a feat that would surely have delighted Voltaire, master of the compressed, devastating sentence.

Censorship as Legacy

Candide's relationship with censorship is itself part of its cultural meaning. The book was banned across Catholic Europe upon publication. In February 1929, a U.S. customs official in Boston confiscated copies destined for a Harvard University French class, deeming them "obscene." When questioned, the official explained: "For years we've been letting that book get by. There were so many different editions, all sizes and kinds, some illustrated and some plain, that we figured the book must be all right. Then one of us happened to read it.

It's a filthy book." The copies were admitted in August, by which time the class was over. In 1943, the U.S. Post Office forced a retailer to black out the title in its catalog.

These episodes reveal, with unintentional comedy worthy of Voltaire himself, how the work's subversive power persists across centuries and cultural contexts.

Part VII: "We Must Cultivate Our Garden": Interpretive Legacies

The conclusion of *Candide* has generated more scholarly debate than perhaps any other passage of comparable brevity in Western literature. The major interpretive positions can be summarized as follows:

The Quietist Reading: Candide withdraws from the world into private virtue. The garden represents Epicurean retreat, a renunciation of the ambition to understand or reform the larger world. This reading was long dominant and finds support in the figure of the Old Turk, who prospers precisely because he takes no interest in public affairs.

The Activist Reading: The garden represents not retreat but engagement: practical work as opposed to empty philosophizing. Voltaire himself, far from withdrawing, became increasingly active in public causes after writing *Candide*, championing the unjustly accused beginning in 1762. To "cultivate one's garden" is to do useful work in the world, not to hide from it.

The Ironic Reading: Even the garden may be ironic. Candide has not learned wisdom; he has merely exchanged one simplistic philosophy for another. The boredom and dissatisfaction that pervade the final chapter suggest that the garden is not a solution but merely the least terrible option.

The Existentialist Reading: Candide anticipates existentialist thought by rejecting both optimistic and pessimistic systems in favor of a philosophy of meaningful action in the face of absurdity. This reading connects Voltaire to Camus and Sartre, a lineage that gives the

eighteenth-century tale a startlingly modern resonance.

What unites all serious readers across three centuries is the recognition that *Candide* refuses easy comfort. It does not tell us that all is well, nor that all is lost. It tells us, with the savage clarity of its laughter, that the world is what it is — and that we must get to work.

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• *This variorum companion was compiled drawing upon resources from the Voltaire Society of America at Whitman College, the Norton Critical Edition (ed. Adams/Cronk), the Hackett Edition (ed. Wootton), the Broadview Edition (ed. Palmer), the Yale University Press Edition (trans. Raffel), and extensive secondary scholarship. All quotations from Voltaire's primary texts follow published English translations as cited. Critical assessments are paraphrased from the named scholars and attributed accordingly.*

"*Voltaire is the philosopher that a world of bureaucrats, engineers, and producers requires.*" — Gustave Lanson, 1894.

PART TWO

Annotated Translation

CANDIDE, OR OPTIMISM

Translated from the German of Doctor Ralph, with the Additions Found in the Doctor's Pocket When He Died at Minden, in the Year of Grace 1759

A New Annotated English Translation with Variorum Notes
Base text: Garnier 1877 edition of Voltaire's Œuvres complètes, tome 21, reproducing Voltaire's final authorized text (édition encadrée, Cramer, 1775), incorporating the 1761 additions to Chapter XXII.

A Note on This Translation

This translation aims to preserve Voltaire's characteristic tone: brisk, dry, deceptively simple, and devastatingly ironic. Where the French is plain, the English is plain. Where Voltaire deploys philosophical jargon, the translation preserves its mock-pomposity. Annotations are of three kinds: [V] for variorum notes comparing the 1759 and 1761 editions; [T] for translation notes where significant choices among English renderings exist; and [H] for historical and contextual commentary. Chapter titles follow Voltaire's originals.

CHAPTER I

How Candide Was Raised in a Fine Castle, and How He Was Driven from It

There lived in Westphalia,[1] in the castle of the Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh,[2] a young boy upon whom nature had bestowed the gentlest of dispositions. His face expressed his soul. He possessed a fairly sound judgment combined with the simplest of minds; it is for this reason, I believe, that he was called Candide.[3] The old servants of the house suspected that he was the son of the Baron's sister and of a good and honest gentleman of the neighborhood, whom that lady had refused to marry because he could prove only seventy-one quarterings,[4] the rest of his genealogical tree having been lost to the injury of time.

The Baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia, for his

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[1] **[H]** Westphalia: a province in northwestern Germany, associated in Voltaire's mind with Frederick the Great's Prussia and the site of the disastrous Battle of Minden (August 1759). By setting his false paradise here, Voltaire targets German culture and specifically Prussian aristocratic pretensions.

[2] **[H]** Thunder-ten-tronckh: a mock-German name, onomatopoeically absurd, satirizing the unpronounceable compound names of German nobility. The name itself is a kind of joke on the reader.

[3] **[T]** *Candide*: from the Latin *candidus*, meaning "white" or "innocent." Nicholas Cronk has noted this as a deliberate allusion to Locke's theory of the mind as a *tabula rasa*, a blank slate. The name is simultaneously the character's defining trait and Voltaire's ironic commentary on it.

[4] **[H]** *Seventy-one quarterings*: a *quartier* designated each generation of noble ancestry. In Germany, noble rank required proof of sixteen quarterings (roughly five centuries of nobility) on both paternal and maternal sides. Seventy-one is both impressive and — by one quarter — insufficient. The comedy lies in the precision of a system that would reject a man over a single missing ancestor.

castle had a door and even windows.[5] His great hall was actually hung with a tapestry. All the dogs of his farmyard formed a pack of hounds when the need arose; his stable boys served as his huntsmen; and the village curate was his grand almoner.[6] They all called him "My Lord," and they laughed at the stories he told.

The Baroness, who weighed approximately three hundred and fifty pounds, thereby commanded all the greater consideration, and performed the honors of the house with a dignity that made her still more imposing. Her daughter Cunégonde,[7] seventeen years of age, was rosy-cheeked, fresh, plump, and appetizing.[8] The Baron's son appeared in every way worthy of his father. The tutor Pangloss[9] was the oracle of the household, and little Candide listened to his lessons with all the good faith of his age and character.

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[5] **[H]** The castle's grandeur is established by features — a door, windows, a tapestry — that any ordinary house would possess. This is Voltaire's first sustained ironic deflation: the "finest of castles" is a hovel.

[6] **[H]** *Grand almoner*: French *grand aumônier*. A grand almoner was a high ecclesiastical office at the French court. The joke is that the village priest serves this exalted function, another deflation of the Baron's pretensions.

[7] **[H]** *Cunégonde*: Saint Cunégonde (Kunigunde) was a medieval empress venerated for her virginity. Naming a frequently ravished heroine after a virgin saint is characteristic Voltairean irony.

[8] **[T]** *Appétissante*: literally "appetizing." Some translators soften this to "desirable" (Smollett) or "well-calculated to excite the passions." The French is deliberately physical, treating Cunégonde as something edible, foreshadowing the novel's treatment of women as objects consumed by male desire. Daniel Gordon's translation notably preserves this frank physicality.

[9] **[T]** *Pangloss*: from the Greek *pan* (all) + *glossa* (tongue): "all tongue" or "all talk." The name suggests both loquacity and emptiness. The suffix *-nigologie* in his academic title derives from the French *nigaud* (fool, simpleton), so his full discipline translates roughly as "metaphysical theological-cosmological-foolology."

Pangloss taught metaphysico-theologo-cosmolo-nigology.[10] He proved admirably that there is no effect without a cause, and that in this best of all possible worlds,[11] the Baron's castle was the finest of castles, and Madame the best of all possible Baronesses.

"It is demonstrated," he said, "that things cannot be otherwise than they are; for since everything was made for a purpose, everything is necessarily for the best purpose. Observe that noses were made to bear spectacles — and so we have spectacles.[12] Legs were clearly designed for stockings — and so we have stockings. Stones were formed to be hewn and made into castles — therefore the Baron has a very fine castle; the greatest baron in the province should naturally be the best housed. And since pigs were made to be eaten, we eat pork all year round.[13] Consequently, those who have asserted that all is well have said something foolish: they should have said that all is for the best."[14]

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[10] **[H]** The compound academic title satirizes the German university system's tendency toward elaborate, systematizing nomenclature. It specifically targets the followers of Christian Wolff, who popularized Leibniz's philosophy in German universities with precisely this kind of taxonomic grandeur.

[11] **[T]** *Ce meilleur des mondes possibles*: the central doctrine under attack. Leibniz argued in his *Théodicée* (1710) that God, being omniscient and benevolent, must have created the best of all logically possible worlds. Alexander Pope rendered a similar idea in English in *An Essay on Man* (1734): "Whatever is, is right."

[12] **[H]** Pangloss's "proofs" are textbook examples of the logical fallacy of affirming the consequent, dressed up as teleological argument. The joke is that he reverses cause and effect: noses were not made *for* spectacles; spectacles were made *for* noses. This parody of reasoning recurs throughout as the novel's central comic device.

[13] **[T]** Wootton translates *les cochons étant faits pour être mangés, nous mangeons du porc toute l'année* with the pork/pigs distinction intact. The joke works on multiple levels: the teleological reasoning is absurd, and the example is deliberately bathetic — from cosmic order to sausage.

[14] **[H]** *Tout est bien* vs. *tout est au mieux*: Voltaire here draws a careful distinction between Pope's formulation ("all is well") and Leibniz's ("all is for the best"). In his *Philosophical Dictionary* article "Tout est bien" (1764), he would elaborate at length on this distinction.

Candide listened attentively and believed innocently, for he found Mademoiselle Cunégonde extremely beautiful, though he never had the boldness to tell her so. He concluded that after the happiness of being born Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the second degree of happiness was to be Mademoiselle Cunégonde; the third, to see her every day; and the fourth, to listen to Master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the province, and consequently of the whole world.

One day Cunégonde, while taking a walk near the castle in the little wood that they called a park, saw through the bushes Doctor Pangloss giving a lesson in experimental natural philosophy[15] to her mother's chambermaid, a small brunette who was very pretty and very compliant. As Mademoiselle Cunégonde had a great aptitude for the sciences, she observed, without making a sound, the repeated experiments of which she was a witness; she clearly perceived the Doctor's sufficient reason,[16] the effects and the causes, and returned home greatly agitated, quite pensive, completely filled with the desire for learning, imagining that she might well be the sufficient reason of young Candide, and he of her.

She encountered Candide on her way back to the castle, and blushed; Candide blushed too. She said good morning to him in a faltering voice; Candide spoke to her without knowing what he was saying. The next day, after dinner, as they were leaving the table, Cunégonde and Candide found themselves behind a screen; Cunégonde dropped her handkerchief; Candide picked it up; she innocently took his hand; the young man innocently kissed the young lady's hand with a quite particular vivacity, sensibility, and grace; their lips met, their eyes blazed, their knees trembled, their hands wandered. Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh passed near the screen, and, seeing this cause and this

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15 **[T]** *Physique expérimentale*: "experimental natural philosophy," the standard eighteenth-century term for what we would call physics or empirical science. The joke is that Pangloss is conducting a very different kind of "experiment." Gordon's translation notably restores the sexual charge that many translators mute.

16 **[H]** *Raison suffisante*: Leibniz's "principle of sufficient reason," the philosophical doctrine that everything must have a reason or cause for its existence. Voltaire uses it here as a double entendre of remarkable economy.

effect, drove Candide from the castle with great kicks to the backside.[17] Cunégonde fainted; she was slapped by the Baroness as soon as she came to herself; and all was consternation in the finest and most agreeable of all possible castles.

CHAPTER II

What Became of Candide Among the Bulgars

Candide, driven from his earthly paradise,[18] walked for a long time without knowing where he was going, weeping, raising his eyes to heaven, turning them often toward the most beautiful of castles, which contained the most beautiful of young baronesses. He lay down without supper in the middle of a field between two furrows; snow fell in thick flakes. The next morning, frozen through, Candide dragged himself toward the neighboring town, which was called Valdberghoff trarbk-dikdorff,[19] having no money, dying of hunger and exhaustion. He stopped sadly at the door of an inn. Two men dressed in blue[20] noticed him.

"Comrade," said one, "there is a well-built young man, and he is the right height."

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[17] **[T]** *À grands coups de pied dans le derrière*: literally "with great kicks to the behind." Smollett translates as "notable kicks on the breech." The physical comedy of the expulsion from Eden is deliberate: this is Genesis retold as farce, with the angel's flaming sword replaced by a boot to the rear.

[18] **[H]** *Paradis terrestre*: "earthly paradise," the explicit identification of the Baron's castle with the Garden of Eden, and Candide's expulsion with the Fall of Man, is Voltaire's first direct biblical parody.

[19] **[H]** Another mock-German compound name, virtually unpronounceable, satirizing German place names.

[20] **[H]** *Habillés de bleu*: Prussian military recruiters wore blue uniforms. The scene is a barely disguised depiction of the notorious Prussian practice of press-ganging men into military service.

They approached Candide and very politely invited him to dinner. "Gentlemen," said Candide with charming modesty, "you do me great honor, but I have no money to pay my share."

"Ah, sir," said one of the men in blue, "persons of your figure and merit never pay for anything: are you not five feet five inches tall?"[21]

"Yes, gentlemen, that is my height," he said, bowing.

"Ah, sir, sit down at table; not only will we pay for your dinner, but we will never allow a man like you to lack money; men were made only to help one another."

"You are right," said Candide, "that is what Monsieur Pangloss always told me, and I see clearly that all is for the best."
They pressed him to accept a few crowns; he took them and wished to write a receipt; they would not hear of it, and all sat down to eat.

"Do you not tenderly love—?"

"Oh yes!" he replied. "I tenderly love Mademoiselle Cunégonde."

"No," said one of the gentlemen, "we are asking whether you do not tenderly love the King of the Bulgars?"[22]

"Not at all," said he, "for I have never seen him."
"What! He is the most charming of kings, and we must drink his health." "Oh, very gladly, gentlemen." And he drank.

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[21] **[H]** *Cinq pieds cinq pouces*: the minimum height requirement for Prussian infantry. Voltaire's precision is satirical: the recruiters care nothing about Candide's character, only his measurements.

[22] **[H]** *Le roi des Bulgares*: "the King of the Bulgars." Voltaire uses "Bulgars" as a thin disguise for "Prussians" and their king, Frederick the Great. The word *bougre* (from "Bulgar") was also a vulgar term in French. Voltaire's choice of name carries a deliberately obscene undertone.

"That is sufficient," they told him. "You are now the support, the defender, the hero of the Bulgars; your fortune is made, and your glory is assured."

They immediately put irons on his legs and marched him to the regiment. They made him turn right, turn left, draw the ramrod, return the ramrod, take aim, fire, quickstep, and they gave him thirty strokes with a cane.[23] The next day he performed the drills a little less badly, and received only twenty strokes; the day after, they gave him only ten, and his comrades regarded him as a prodigy.

Candide, utterly bewildered, could not yet quite make out how he was a hero. One fine spring day he took it into his head to go for a walk, marching straight ahead, believing that it was a privilege of the human species, as of the animal, to use one's legs as one pleased.[24] He had not gone two leagues when four other heroes, each six feet tall, overtook him, bound him, and dragged him to a dungeon. He was asked, with juridical precision, whether he preferred to be beaten thirty-six times through the entire regiment, or to receive twelve lead bullets in his brain at once. He might protest that the will is free, and that he wanted neither one nor the other; but he had to make a choice: he resolved, by virtue of the gift of God called liberty,[25] to run the gauntlet thirty-six times. He endured two passes. The regiment consisted of two thousand men: that made four thousand strokes, which laid open every muscle and nerve from his neck to his backside. As they were about to proceed to the third pass, Candide, unable to go on, begged them to do him the kindness of smashing his head in; the favor was granted; they

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[23] **[H]** The brutal military discipline described here closely mirrors documented practices in Frederick's Prussian army, where soldiers were routinely beaten for minor infractions of drill.

[24] **[H]** Candide's naive assumption that walking is a natural right is devastatingly ironic: under Prussian military law, leaving camp without permission was desertion, punishable by death.

[25] **[H]** *Par la vertu du don de Dieu qu'on nomme liberté*: "by virtue of that gift of God called liberty." The irony is savage: Candide exercises his "free will" to choose between two forms of torture. Voltaire simultaneously mocks both the philosophical concept of free will and its grotesque application in military justice.

blindfolded him and made him kneel. The King of the Bulgars happened to pass by at that moment; he inquired about the condemned man's crime; and as this king had great genius,[26] he understood from everything he was told about Candide that here was a young metaphysician, profoundly ignorant of the ways of the world, and he granted him his pardon with a clemency that will be praised in all newspapers and in all ages.[27] A fine surgeon healed Candide in three weeks with the emollients taught by Dioscorides.[28] He already had a little skin, and was able to walk, when the King of the Bulgars joined battle with the King of the Abars.[29]

CHAPTER III

How Candide Escaped from the Bulgars, and What Became of Him

Nothing was so fine, so smart, so brilliant, so well drilled as the two

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[26] **[H]** *Un grand génie*: the attribution of "great genius" to the king who presides over this brutal system is one of Voltaire's most cutting ironies, aimed directly at Frederick the Great, whom Voltaire had once admired as a philosopher-king.

[27] **[H]** *Qui sera louée dans tous les journaux et dans tous les siècles*: the mock-heroic praise of the king's "clemency" for pardoning a man whose only crime was going for a walk. This is pointed satire of the sycophantic press coverage that routinely praised Frederick's supposedly enlightened rule.

[28] **[H]** Dioscorides: a first-century Greek physician whose *De Materia Medica* remained a standard pharmacological reference into the eighteenth century. The detail simultaneously grounds the narrative in authentic period medicine and undercuts any heroic reading of Candide's suffering.

[29] **[H]** *Le roi des Abares*: the Abars (Avars) represent the French. The ensuing battle is an allegory of the Seven Years' War (1756–1763), in which Prussia (Bulgars) fought France (Abars) along with their respective allies.

armies.[30] The trumpets, the fifes, the oboes, the drums, the cannons formed a harmony such as was never heard even in Hell. The cannons first of all laid flat about six thousand men on each side; then the musketry removed from the best of worlds some nine or ten thousand rascals who infested its surface. The bayonet was also the sufficient reason for the death of some thousands of men. The whole might well amount to thirty thousand souls.[31] Candide, who trembled like a philosopher,[32] hid himself as best he could during this heroic butchery.

At last, while the two kings were having Te Deums sung, each in his own camp,[33] he decided to go and reason about effects and causes elsewhere. He climbed over heaps of dead and dying, and first reached a neighboring village; it was in ashes: it was an Abar village that the Bulgars had burned in accordance with the rules of international law.[34] Here old men, riddled with wounds, watched their wives die, their throats cut, clutching their children to their blood-drenched breasts; there, girls who had been disemboweled after satisfying the natural needs of some heroes breathed their last; others, half-burned, begged to be given the stroke of death. Brains were scattered over the ground alongside severed arms and legs.

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[30] **[H]** The battle scene is one of the most celebrated passages in the novel. Its opening line (praising the beauty and order of the armies) establishes the ironic method by which Voltaire will describe the ensuing slaughter. The aesthetic language of parade reviews is applied to mass killing.

[31] **[H]** *Trente mille âmes*: "thirty thousand souls." The use of *âmes* (souls) is grimly ironic: the language of spiritual accounting applied to a casualty count.

[32] **[H]** *Qui tremblait comme un philosophe*: "who trembled like a philosopher." This simile is devastatingly funny: the philosopher, supposedly devoted to rational calm and courage, trembles with fear. Voltaire mocks the Enlightenment ideal of the philosopher as hero.

[33] **[H]** *Te Deum*: a hymn of thanksgiving traditionally sung after military victories. The grotesque detail that both sides simultaneously thank God for the same battle is one of Voltaire's most economical satirical strokes.

[34] **[H]** *Selon les règles du droit public*: "in accordance with the rules of international law," or more literally "public law." The application of legal language to the burning of villages, murder of civilians, and rape of women is Voltaire at his most savagely ironic. The passage anticipates modern critiques of the laws of war.

Candide fled as quickly as he could to another village; it belonged to the Bulgars, and the Abar heroes had treated it in the same fashion. Candide, walking always over twitching limbs or through ruins, finally made his way out of the theater of war,[35] carrying a little food in his knapsack, and never forgetting Mademoiselle Cunégonde. His provisions ran out when he reached Holland; but having heard that everyone in that country was rich, and that they were Christians, he had no doubt that he would be treated as well as he had been in the Baron's castle, before being driven out on account of Mademoiselle Cunégonde's beautiful eyes.

He asked alms of several grave personages, who all replied that if he continued in this line of work, he would be shut up in a house of correction to teach him how to live.[36]

He then addressed himself to a man who had just been talking about charity for a whole hour, all by himself, before a large assembly. This orator, glancing at him sideways, said: "What are you doing here? Are you here for the good cause?"

"There is no effect without a cause," replied Candide modestly. "All things are necessarily connected and arranged for the best. It was necessary that I should be driven from Mademoiselle Cunégonde's presence, and that I should run the gauntlet, and it is necessary that I should beg my bread until I can earn it; all this could not have been otherwise."

"My friend," said the orator, "do you believe that the Pope is the

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[35] **[H]** *Le théâtre de la guerre*: a set phrase meaning "theater of war," but Voltaire's use of it after such graphic description makes the metaphor of theater (of spectacle, of performance) deeply uncomfortable.

[36] **[H]** Holland was known in the eighteenth century as a haven of religious tolerance, but also of strict Calvinist morality toward the poor. The "house of correction" (*maison de correction*) was a real institution.

Antichrist?"[37]

"I have never heard anyone say so," answered Candide, "but whether he is or is not, I have no bread."

"You do not deserve to eat any," said the other. "Be gone, you wretch, you rogue; never come near me again as long as you live."

The orator's wife, having put her head out of the window and caught sight of a man who doubted that the Pope was the Antichrist, poured over his head a full chamber pot.[38] O heavens! To what extremes does religious zeal carry the ladies!
A man who had never been baptized, a good Anabaptist named Jacques,[39] saw the cruel and ignominious treatment inflicted on one of his brothers, a featherless two-legged creature with a soul.[40] He took him home, cleaned him up, gave him bread and beer, presented him with two florins, and even wished to teach him to work in his manufactory of Persian fabrics that are produced in Holland. Candide, almost prostrate before him, cried: "Master Pangloss was quite right to tell me that all is for the best in this world, for I am infinitely more moved by your extreme generosity than by the harshness of that

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[37] **[H]** The orator is a Dutch Calvinist minister. The identification of the Pope with the Antichrist was a standard Protestant position, especially among strict Calvinists. Voltaire's point is that sectarian hatred is indistinguishable from the cruelties Candide has just fled.

[38] **[H]** The chamber pot episode is characteristic of Voltaire's comic method: a lofty theological dispute resolved by bodily functions. The episode has no precedent in the 1759 edition and appears in all versions.

[39] **[H]** *Anabaptiste*: The Anabaptists (radical Protestant reformers who rejected infant baptism) were historically persecuted by both Catholics and mainstream Protestants. Voltaire makes the one charitable character in Holland a member of this despised sect, pointedly contrasting Christian professions with Christian practice.

[40] **[H]** *Un être à deux pieds sans plumes, qui avait une âme*: a reference to Plato's famous definition of man as "a featherless biped." The philosopher Diogenes reportedly mocked this definition by plucking a chicken and presenting it as "Plato's man." Voltaire adds "who had a soul," ironically noting that the philosophical definition is what entitles Candide to basic human kindness.

gentleman in the black cloak and of his lady wife."

The next day, while taking a walk, he encountered a beggar all covered with sores, his eyes dead, the tip of his nose eaten away, his mouth twisted, his teeth black, who spoke from the back of his throat, was tormented by a violent cough, and spat out a tooth with each spasm.[41]

CHAPTER IV

How Candide Met His Former Philosophy Teacher, Doctor Pangloss, and What Came of It

Candide, moved even more by compassion than by horror, gave this frightful beggar the two florins he had received from Jacques, the honest Anabaptist. The phantom gazed at him fixedly, shed tears, and threw his arms around his neck. Candide recoiled in terror.

"Alas!" said the wretch to the other wretch, "do you no longer recognize your dear Pangloss?"

"What do I hear? You, my dear master! You, in this horrible condition! What misfortune has befallen you? Why are you no longer in the finest of castles? What has become of Mademoiselle Cunégonde, the pearl of young ladies, the masterpiece of nature?"

"I can go on no longer," said Pangloss.

Candide immediately led him to the Anabaptist's stable, where he gave him a little bread to eat; and when Pangloss had recovered: "Well?" he said, "Cunégonde?"

"She is dead," replied the other.

Candide fainted at these words. His friend restored him with a little

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[41] **[H]** The first appearance of Pangloss in his ruined state. The catalog of symptoms — sores, corroded nose, twisted mouth, black teeth, coughing — constitutes a clinical description of advanced syphilis.

bad vinegar that happened to be in the stable. Candide opened his eyes. "Cunégonde is dead! Ah, best of worlds, where are you? But of what illness did she die? Was it perhaps from having seen me driven from the fine castle of her father with great kicks?"

"No," said Pangloss. "She was disemboweled by Bulgar soldiers, after having been ravished as much as a woman can be. They smashed the Baron's head as he tried to defend her; the Baroness was cut to pieces; my poor pupil was treated exactly like his sister; and as for the castle, not one stone remains upon another, not a barn, not a sheep, not a duck, not a tree; but we were well avenged, for the Abars did just the same to a neighboring estate belonging to a Bulgar lord."[42]

At this account, Candide fainted again; but having come back to his senses and said everything appropriate to the occasion, he inquired about the cause and effect, the sufficient reason, that had reduced Pangloss to so pitiful a state.

"Alas!" said the other, "it was love: love, the consoler of the human race, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all sensitive beings, tender love."

"Alas!" said Candide, "I have known this love, this sovereign of hearts, this soul of our soul; it never brought me anything but a single kiss and twenty kicks in the backside. How could this beautiful cause produce in you so abominable an effect?"

Pangloss answered in these terms: "O my dear Candide! You knew Paquette, the pretty attendant to our august Baroness; in her arms I tasted the delights of paradise, which produced these torments of Hell by which you see me devoured. She was infected with the disease, and perhaps she has died of it. Paquette received this gift from a very learned Franciscan friar who had traced it back to its source; for he had

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[42] **[H]** The destruction of the castle explicitly parallels the devastation of the Seven Years' War, in which civilians on all sides suffered equally. Voltaire's point, that vengeance produces identical suffering, is underscored by the exact symmetry of the Bulgar and Abar atrocities.

received it from an old countess, who had received it from a cavalry captain, who owed it to a marchioness, who got it from a page, who had received it from a Jesuit, who, when a novice, had received it in a direct line from one of the companions of Christopher Columbus.[43] For my part, I shall give it to no one, for I am dying."

"O Pangloss!" cried Candide, "what a strange genealogy! Was not the Devil at the root of it?"

"Not at all," replied the great man. "It was an indispensable ingredient in the best of worlds, a necessary element; for if Columbus had not caught, on an island in the Americas, this disease which poisons the source of procreation, which often even prevents procreation, and which is obviously opposed to the great purpose of nature — we would have neither chocolate nor cochineal.[44] It must also be observed that to this day, on our continent, this disease is peculiar to us, like theological controversy. The Turks, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Siamese, the Japanese, do not yet know it; but there is sufficient reason for them to know it in their turn, in a few centuries. Meanwhile it has made marvelous progress among us, and especially in those great armies composed of honest, well bred mercenaries who decide the destiny of nations; one can be sure that when thirty thousand men fight a pitched battle against an equal number of troops, there are about twenty thousand with the pox on each side."[45]

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[43] **[H]** The genealogy of syphilis is both a comic tour de force and a pointed parody of the noble genealogies that open the novel. Where the Baron's lineage is a matter of quarterings and ancestral pride, Pangloss traces his disease back through a chain of sexual transmission that crosses every social boundary (from Jesuit to page to marchioness to captain) before reaching Columbus. The passage satirizes both aristocratic genealogy and the European conquest of the Americas.

[44] **[H]** *Ni le chocolat ni la cochenille*: chocolate and cochineal (a red dye extracted from insects) were luxury imports from the New World. Pangloss's "optimistic" argument is that syphilis is a necessary price for these commodities, a grotesque version of cost-benefit analysis.

[45] **[H]** The extended passage on syphilis in armies is characteristic of Voltaire's satirical technique: a clinical, statistical tone applied to horrific subject matter. The detail about "twenty thousand with the pox on each side" has the ring of military reporting, applied to a disease rather than a battle.

"That is admirable," said Candide, "but you must be cured."

"How can I be?" said Pangloss. "I have not a penny, my friend, and in all the extent of this globe one cannot be bled or receive an enema without paying, or without someone paying for you."[46]

This last speech decided matters. The good Anabaptist Jacques had pity on him; he had him cured at his own expense. In the cure, Pangloss lost only an eye and an ear. He wrote a good hand and knew arithmetic perfectly. The Anabaptist Jacques made him his bookkeeper. At the end of two months, being obliged to go to Lisbon on business, he took his two philosophers with him on his ship. Pangloss explained to him how everything was for the best. Jacques was not of this opinion.

"It must be," he said, "that men have somewhat corrupted nature, for they were not born wolves, and they have become wolves.[47] God gave them neither twenty-four-pound cannons nor bayonets, and they have fashioned bayonets and cannons to destroy one another. I might bring bankruptcies into the account, and the law which seizes the effects of bankrupts in order to cheat the creditors of them."

"All that was indispensable," replied the one-eyed doctor, "and private misfortunes make the general good, so that the more private misfortunes there are, the more all is well."[48]

While he was reasoning, the sky darkened, the winds blew from the

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[46] **[H]** This passage is often read as a critique of the inadequacy of charity-based healthcare. Jacques the Anabaptist — not any church or state institution — pays for Pangloss's treatment.

[47] **[H]** Jacques's argument directly echoes Rousseau's view that human beings are naturally good but corrupted by society, the opposite of the Hobbesian position and a challenge to Pangloss's optimism from a different philosophical direction. Voltaire, who had debated Rousseau over the Lisbon earthquake, gives the most sympathetic articulation of Rousseau's position to a character who will soon die.

[48] **[H]** *Les malheurs particuliers font le bien général*: "private misfortunes create the general good." This is Pangloss's most succinct — and most monstrous — formulation of optimistic theodicy. It will be tested immediately by the Lisbon catastrophe.

four quarters of the globe, and the ship was assailed by the most terrible storm, in sight of the port of Lisbon.[49]

CHAPTER V

Storm, Shipwreck, Earthquake, and What Became of Doctor Pangloss, Candide, and Jacques the Anabaptist

Half the passengers, weakened and nearly dying from those inconceivable agonies that the rolling of a ship produces in the nerves and humors of a body shaken in all directions, had not even the strength to be alarmed at the danger. The other half shrieked and prayed. The sails were torn, the masts shattered, the hull split open. Those who could worked, but no one heeded another, and no one took command. The Anabaptist was helping a little with the rigging on the upper deck; a frenzied sailor struck him a heavy blow and knocked him flat; but from the force of the blow he himself was so violently shaken that he fell headfirst over the side of the ship, where he remained suspended, caught on a piece of broken mast. The good Jacques rushed to his aid, helped him to climb back up, and in the effort was thrown into the sea in full view of the sailor, who let him perish without even deigning to look at him. Candide approached and saw his benefactor reappear for a moment on the surface before being swallowed up forever. He wanted to throw himself into the sea after him; the philosopher Pangloss prevented him by proving to him that the bay of Lisbon had been formed expressly for this Anabaptist to drown in.[50] While he was proving this a priori, the ship broke apart, and everyone perished except Pangloss, Candide, and the brutish sailor who had drowned the virtuous Anabaptist; the villain swam successfully to shore, to which Pangloss and Candide were carried on a plank.

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[49] **[H]** The transition from philosophical argument to the Lisbon earthquake is abrupt and devastating, characteristic of Voltaire's method of letting events annihilate philosophy.

[50] **[H]** Pangloss's "proof" that the bay of Lisbon was formed *expressly* for Jacques to drown in is perhaps the single most devastating instance of his philosophical method. The good man drowns while the philosopher explains why it was necessary.

When they had recovered a little, they walked toward Lisbon; they still had some money, with which they hoped to save themselves from hunger after escaping the storm.

They had scarcely set foot in the city, mourning the death of their benefactor, when they felt the earth tremble beneath their feet;[51] the sea rose boiling in the port and smashed the ships that rode at anchor. Whirlwinds of flame and ash covered the streets and public squares; houses collapsed, roofs were thrown down upon foundations, and the foundations were scattered; thirty thousand inhabitants of every age and sex were crushed beneath the ruins.[52] The sailor whistled and swore and said: "There will be something to pick up here."

"What can be the sufficient reason for this phenomenon?" said Pangloss. "This is the end of the world!" cried Candide.

The sailor immediately rushed into the midst of the debris, braved death to find money, found some, got drunk, and after sleeping it off bought the favors of the first willing girl he encountered on the ruins of destroyed houses, amid the dead and the dying. Pangloss, however, pulled him by the sleeve: "My friend," he said, "this is not right; you are departing from universal reason, you are choosing your time badly."

"Death and blood!" the other replied, "I am a sailor, born in Batavia; I have walked four times on the crucifix in four voyages to Japan;[53] you have found the right man to talk to about universal reason!"

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[51] **[H]** The Lisbon earthquake of November 1, 1755, is the historical event most directly responsible for *Candide*. Voltaire's description, while compressed, corresponds closely to contemporary accounts of the disaster.

[52] **[H]** Contemporary estimates of the death toll varied widely; Voltaire's figure of thirty thousand was commonly cited.

[53] **[H]** *Marché quatre fois sur le crucifix en quatre voyages au Japon*: Japanese authorities required European traders to trample on a crucifix or image of Christ (the *fumi-e*) as proof that they were not Christians. The sailor's boast of having done so four times establishes his complete moral nihilism, and his freedom from the religious hypocrisy that Voltaire attacks elsewhere.

Some falling stones had wounded Candide; he was lying in the street, covered with debris. He said to Pangloss: "Alas! Get me a little wine and oil, I am dying."

"This earthquake is nothing new," replied Pangloss. "The city of Lima experienced the same tremors in America last year.[54] Same causes, same effects: there is certainly a vein of sulfur running underground from Lima to Lisbon."

"Nothing is more likely," said Candide, "but for the love of God, a little oil and wine."

"What do you mean, likely?" replied the philosopher. "I maintain that the thing is proven."

Candide lost consciousness, and Pangloss brought him a little water from a nearby fountain.

The next day, having found a little food as they crept through the ruins, they restored their strength somewhat. Then they worked like the others to bring relief to the inhabitants who had escaped death. Some of the citizens they assisted gave them as good a dinner as was possible in such a disaster. The meal, it is true, was a sad one; the hosts watered their bread with their tears; but Pangloss consoled them by assuring them that things could not be otherwise: "For," he said, "all this is for the very best. For if there is a volcano at Lisbon, it could not be anywhere else. For it is impossible that things should not be where they are. For all is well."[55]

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[54] **[H]** The Lima earthquake of 1746 was indeed invoked in comparison with Lisbon. Pangloss's "scientific" explanation (a sulfur vein running from Lima to Lisbon) parodies the pseudo-scientific theories actually proposed at the time.

[55] **[H]** The escalating absurdity of Pangloss's consolations (proving that a volcano *must* be at Lisbon, that things *must* be where they are) reaches its nadir in the tautology "all is well." The passage enacts, in miniature, the novel's central argument: optimistic philosophy becomes increasingly obscene as the scale of suffering increases.

A little man in black, a familiar of the Inquisition,[56] who sat beside him, politely took up the conversation and said: "Apparently the gentleman does not believe in original sin; for if all is for the best, there has been neither fall nor punishment."

"I most humbly beg Your Excellency's pardon," replied Pangloss still more politely, "for the fall of man and the curse necessarily entered into the best of possible worlds."

"Then you do not believe in free will?" said the familiar.

"Your Excellency will forgive me," said Pangloss; "free will can coexist with absolute necessity, for it was necessary that we should be free; for after all, the determined will —"[57]

Pangloss was in the middle of his sentence when the familiar nodded to his armed attendant, who was pouring him a glass of port wine.

> ***[V1]*** *This chapter is substantially identical in both the 1759 and 1761 editions. The earthquake scenes were clearly central to Voltaire's conception from the beginning.*

CHAPTER VI

How a Fine Auto-da-Fé Was Held to Prevent Earthquakes, and How Candide Was Flogged

After the earthquake, which had destroyed three-quarters of Lisbon, the wise men of the country could find no more effective means of

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[56] **[H]** *Un petit homme noir, familier de l'Inquisition*: a *familier* was a lay servant or agent of the Inquisition. The "little man in black" introduces the theme of religious persecution that will dominate the next chapter. His polite tone makes the subsequent violence all the more chilling.

[57] **[H]** Pangloss's attempt to reconcile free will with "absolute necessity" is cut off mid-sentence, one of Voltaire's most brilliant comic devices. The philosopher's words are silenced not by argument but by power: the Inquisitor's nod to his armed servant.

preventing total ruin than to give the people a fine auto-da-fé.[58] It was decided by the University of Coimbra that the spectacle of several persons being slowly burned over a low fire was an infallible secret for preventing earthquakes.[59]

They had consequently seized a Basque, convicted of having married his godmother, and two Portuguese who, while eating a chicken, had removed the bacon garnish:[60] after dinner, they came and bound Doctor Pangloss and his disciple Candide, the one for having spoken and the other for having listened with an air of approval. Both were led separately to extremely cool apartments, where they were never troubled by the sun.[61] A week later, they were each dressed in a sanbenito and their heads were adorned with paper mitres.[62]

Candide's mitre and sanbenito were painted with inverted flames and with devils that had neither tails nor claws; but Pangloss's devils had

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[58] **[H]** *Auto-da-fé*: literally "act of faith" in Portuguese. Public ceremonies of the Inquisition in which condemned heretics were paraded, sentenced, and often executed. The historical auto-da-fé that followed the Lisbon earthquake was held on June 20, 1756.

[59] **[H]** *Un secret infaillible pour empêcher la terre de trembler*: "an infallible secret for preventing earthquakes." The sentence is one of the most famous in the novel. Its deadpan absurdity (the idea that burning people alive can prevent geological events) encapsulates Voltaire's attack on superstition and institutional cruelty.

[60] **[H]** *Qui en mangeant un poulet en avaient arraché le lard*: removing bacon from a chicken was taken as evidence of Jewish practice (the kosher prohibition against mixing meat and pork). The Inquisition routinely prosecuted *conversos* (Jews who had nominally converted to Christianity) on such evidence. Voltaire's dry enumeration of the "crimes" (marrying a godmother, eating chicken without bacon) makes the disproportion between offense and punishment unbearable.

[61] **[H]** *Des appartements d'une extrême fraîcheur, dans lesquels on n'était jamais incommodé du soleil*: "extremely cool apartments, where one was never troubled by the sun." This is Voltaire's euphemism for a dungeon.

[62] **[H]** *Sanbenito*: a penitential garment worn by those condemned by the Inquisition. *Mitres*: tall pointed paper hats. Both were part of the ritual public humiliation.

claws and tails, and his flames were upright.[63] They marched in procession thus robed and heard a very moving sermon, followed by beautiful music in a droning chant.[64] Candide was flogged in time with the chanting; the Basque and the two men who had refused to eat bacon were burned; and Pangloss was hanged, although this was not the custom.[65] The same day, the earth shook again with a fearful tremor.[66]

Candide, terrified, dumbfounded, bewildered, bleeding, trembling, said to himself: "If this is the best of all possible worlds, what are the others like? If it were only a matter of flogging, I was flogged by the Bulgars. But, o my dear Pangloss, greatest of philosophers, was it necessary that I should see you hanged without knowing why? O my dear Anabaptist, best of men, was it necessary that you should drown in the harbor? O Mademoiselle Cunégonde, pearl of young ladies, was it necessary that your belly should be slit open?"

He was just barely able to stand, having been preached at, flogged, absolved, and blessed, when an old woman approached him and said: "My son, take courage, follow me."[67]

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[63] **[H]** The iconography of the *sanbenito* indicated the severity of the sentence: inverted flames meant the wearer would be spared; upright flames meant death. Pangloss's upright flames signal his execution; Candide's inverted flames signal "only" flogging.

[64] **[H]** *Faux-bourdon*: a style of musical chant. Voltaire's pairing of flogging with liturgical music compounds the horror.

[65] **[H]** *Quoique ce ne soit pas la coutume*: "although this was not the custom." The Inquisition typically burned rather than hanged its victims. Voltaire may have altered the method to allow Pangloss's later improbable survival (he will reappear in chapter XXVIII).

[66] **[H]** The earthquake's immediate recurrence after the auto-da-fé is Voltaire's most concise refutation of the Inquisition's pretensions: their "infallible remedy" fails instantly. The comedy is ferocious.

[67] **[H]** The old woman who approaches Candide will prove to be one of the novel's most important and complex characters. Her story, told in chapters XI and XII, constitutes one of the most powerful narratives of suffering in eighteenth-century literature.

CHAPTER VII

How an Old Woman Took Care of Candide, and How He Found the Object of His Love

Candide did not take courage, but he followed the old woman to a dilapidated house; she gave him a pot of ointment to rub on himself, left him food and drink; she showed him a small, fairly clean bed; beside the bed there was a complete set of clothes. "Eat, drink, sleep," she said, "and may Our Lady of Atocha, My Lord Saint Anthony of Padua, and My Lord Saint James of Compostela watch over you; I will be back tomorrow." Candide, still astonished at everything he had seen, everything he had suffered, and still more at the old woman's charity, tried to kiss her hand. "It is not my hand you should kiss," said the old woman. "I will be back tomorrow. Rub yourself with the ointment, eat, and sleep."

Candide, despite so many misfortunes, ate and slept. The next morning the old woman brought him breakfast, examined his back, and rubbed it herself with another ointment. She brought him dinner later; she returned in the evening with supper. The following day she performed the same ceremonies.

"Who are you?" Candide kept asking her. "Who has inspired you with so much kindness? How can I repay you?"

The good woman never answered; she returned in the evening and brought no supper. "Come with me," she said, "and do not say a word." She took him by the arm and walked with him into the countryside for about a quarter of a mile; they arrived at an isolated house, surrounded by gardens and canals. The old woman knocked at a small door. It was opened; she led Candide by a hidden stairway into a gilded boudoir, left him on a brocade sofa, closed the door, and departed. Candide thought he was dreaming; he regarded his whole life as a sinister dream, and the present moment as a pleasant one.
The old woman soon reappeared; she was supporting with difficulty a trembling woman, of majestic stature, glittering with gems and

covered by a veil. "Remove the veil," said the old woman to Candide.

The young man approached; he lifted the veil with a timid hand. What a moment! What a surprise! He believed he saw Mademoiselle Cunégonde — he was in fact seeing her, it was she herself. His strength failed him, he could not utter a word, he fell at her feet. Cunégonde fell on the sofa. The old woman lavished smelling salts upon them; they recovered their senses; they spoke to each other — at first nothing but broken phrases, questions and answers at cross purposes, sighs, tears, cries. The old woman urged them to make less noise and left them alone.

"What! Is it you?" said Candide. "You are alive! I find you in Portugal! Then you were not ravished? Your belly was not slit open, as the philosopher Pangloss assured me?"

"Yes, it was," said the beautiful Cunégonde, "but people do not always die of these two accidents."[68]

"But were your father and mother killed?"

"Only too true," said Cunégonde, weeping.

"And your brother?"

"My brother was killed too."

"And why are you in Portugal? And how did you know I was here? And by what strange adventure did you have me brought to this house?"

"I will tell you everything," replied the lady, "but first you must tell me everything that has happened to you since the innocent kiss you gave me and the kicks you received."

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[68] **[H]** *On ne meurt pas toujours de ces deux accidents*: "one does not always die of these two incidents." Cunégonde's matter-of-fact statement (that rape and disembowelment are survivable inconveniences) is one of the novel's darkest comic moments. The understatement is breathtaking.

Candide obeyed with profound respect; and though his voice was feeble and trembling, though his spine still ached a little, he related in the most artless manner everything that had happened to him since the moment of their separation. Cunégonde raised her eyes to heaven; she shed tears at the death of the good Anabaptist and of Pangloss; after which she spoke in these terms to Candide, who did not miss a word and who devoured her with his eyes.[69]

CHAPTER VIII

Cunégonde's Story

"I was in my bed and fast asleep when it pleased Heaven to send the Bulgars to our beautiful castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; they slaughtered my father and my brother, and cut my mother to pieces. A great Bulgar, six feet tall, seeing that I had fainted at this spectacle, began to ravish me; that brought me to; I recovered my senses, I cried out, I struggled, I bit, I scratched, I tried to tear out the eyes of the great Bulgar — not knowing that everything happening in my father's castle was perfectly customary.[70] The brute stabbed me with a knife in my left side, where I still carry the scar."

"Alas! I hope I shall see it," said the innocent Candide.

"You shall see it," said Cunégonde, "but let me continue."

"Continue," said Candide.

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[69] **[T]** *Qui la dévorait des yeux*: "who devoured her with his eyes." Daniel Gordon has noted the proximity of this language of devouring to the language of sexual violence that pervades Cunégonde's story. The verb *dévorer* draws Candide uncomfortably close to the predatory male figures she describes.

[70] **[H]** *Ne sachant pas que tout ce qui se passait dans le château de mon père était une chose d'usage*: "not knowing that all that was happening in my father's castle was perfectly customary." Cunégonde's retrospective observation (that rape during war was *customary*) is among the most savage lines in the novel. The word *usage* (custom, standard practice) applies the language of social norms to atrocity.

She took up the thread of her story: "A Bulgar captain came in; he saw me covered in blood, and the soldier did not trouble himself in the least. The captain flew into a rage at the lack of respect this brute showed him, and killed him on my body. Then he had me bandaged, and took me as a prisoner of war to his quarters. I washed the few shirts he had, I cooked for him; he found me very pretty, it must be admitted, and I will not deny that he was a handsome man, with soft white skin; but he had little wit, little philosophy. It was easy to see that he had not been brought up by Doctor Pangloss.[71] After three months, having lost all his money and grown tired of me, he sold me to a Jew named Don Issachar, who traded in Holland and Portugal and was passionately fond of women. This Jew became very attached to my person, but he could not triumph over it; I resisted him better than I had the Bulgar soldier. A woman of honor may be ravished once, but her virtue is the firmer for it.[72] The Jew, in order to tame me, brought me to this country house that you see. I had believed until then that there was nothing on earth so beautiful as the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; I was undeceived."

"The Grand Inquisitor noticed me one day at Mass; he ogled me at length and sent word that he wished to speak with me on private matters. I was conducted to his palace; I informed him of my birth; he pointed out to me how far beneath my rank it was to belong to an Israelite. A proposal was made on his behalf to Don Issachar that he should cede me to His Lordship. Don Issachar, who is the court banker and a man of standing, would hear nothing of it. The Inquisitor threatened him with an auto-da-fé. At last my Jew, intimidated, concluded a bargain by which the house and I should belong to them both in common: the Jew would have me Mondays, Wednesdays, and

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[71] **[H]** *Mais peu d'esprit, peu de philosophie*: "little wit, little philosophy." Cunégonde evaluates her rapist-captor by Panglossian criteria. The phrase reveals how deeply she has internalized the castle's values, and how grotesquely inadequate those values are to her situation.

[72] **[T]** *Une personne d'honneur peut être violée une fois, mais sa vertu s'en affermit*: this sentence has been read in sharply different ways. Some translators soften it; Gordon's edition argues it should be read as Cunégonde genuinely reasserting her moral framework, not as Voltairean mockery of her. The ambiguity is deliberate.

the Sabbath; the Inquisitor would have me the other days of the week.[73] This agreement has been in force for six months now. It has not been without quarrels; for it has often been disputed whether the night between Saturday and Sunday belongs to the old law or to the new.[74] For my own part, I have so far resisted them both; and I believe this is why I have continued to be loved.

"At last, to avert the scourge of earthquakes and to intimidate Don Issachar, the Grand Inquisitor was pleased to celebrate an auto-da-fé. He did me the honor of inviting me. I had an excellent seat; refreshments were served to the ladies between the Mass and the execution. I was seized with horror, in truth, when I saw them burn those two Jews and that honest Basque who had married his godmother; but what was my surprise, my fright, my agitation, when I saw, in a sanbenito and under a mitre, a face resembling Pangloss's! I rubbed my eyes, I watched attentively, I saw him hanged; I fainted. Scarcely had I recovered my senses when I saw you stripped naked.[75] That was the peak of horror, consternation, grief, and despair. I will tell you truthfully that your skin is even whiter and more perfectly rosy than that of my Bulgar captain. This sight redoubled all the emotions that were crushing and devouring me. I cried out, I tried to say 'Stop, barbarians!' but my voice failed me, and my cries would have been useless. When you had been thoroughly flogged: 'How is it possible,' I said to myself, 'that the charming Candide and the sage Pangloss should be in Lisbon, one to receive a hundred lashes and the other to

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[73] **[H]** The time-sharing arrangement between the Jew and the Inquisitor is one of the novel's most famous satirical inventions. It simultaneously mocks religious hypocrisy (an Inquisitor keeping a mistress), anti-Semitic persecution (the Inquisitor threatening the Jew), and the commodification of women.

[74] **[H]** *Si la nuit du samedi au dimanche appartenait à l'ancienne loi ou à la nouvelle*: the dispute over whether Saturday night belongs to the Jewish or Christian "owner" is a comic masterpiece: theological controversy reduced to a scheduling conflict over sexual access to a woman.

[75] **[H]** Cunégonde watches both the hanging of Pangloss and the flogging of Candide from a comfortable seat, with refreshments. Her account blends genuine horror with aestheticized spectacle in a way that implicates the reader as well.

be hanged, by order of the Inquisitor whose mistress I am? Pangloss deceived me cruelly when he told me that all is for the best in the world." '

"Agitated, bewildered, beside myself, and ready to faint with weakness, my head was filled with the massacre of my father, my mother, my brother, the insolence of that vile Bulgar soldier, the knife-thrust he gave me, my servitude, my work as a cook, my Bulgar captain, my vile Don Issachar, my abominable Inquisitor, the hanging of Doctor Pangloss, that long *miserere* in drone-chant during which you were flogged, and above all the kiss I had given you behind a screen, the day I saw you for the last time. I praised God for bringing you back to me through so many trials. I instructed my old woman to take care of you and to bring you here as soon as she could. She has carried out my commission very well; I have enjoyed the inexpressible pleasure of seeing you again, of hearing you, of speaking to you. You must be ravenously hungry; I have a great appetite; let us begin with supper."

So they both sat down to table; and after supper they returned to that fine sofa that has already been mentioned; they were there when Signor Don Issachar, one of the masters of the house, arrived. It was the Sabbath day. He came to enjoy his rights and to declare his tender love.

CHAPTER IX

What Became of Cunégonde, Candide, the Grand Inquisitor, and a Jew

This Issachar was the most choleric Hebrew seen in Israel since the Babylonian captivity.[76]

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[76] **[H]** *Depuis la captivité de Babylone*: "since the Babylonian captivity." The hyperbole (Issachar is the angriest Jew since the sixth century BC) is both comic and, to modern readers, an uncomfortable instance of Voltaire's anti-Jewish stereotyping.

"What!" he said. "You harlot of a Galilean,[77] the Inquisitor is not enough? This scoundrel must share with me too?"

So saying, he drew a long dagger that he always carried, and, not thinking his adversary was armed, threw himself upon Candide; but our good Westphalian had received a fine sword from the old woman along with the suit of clothes. He drew his sword, and although he had the gentlest of dispositions, he laid the Israelite stone-dead on the floor, at the feet of the beautiful Cunégonde.

"Holy Virgin!" she cried, "what will become of us? A man killed in my house! If the police come, we are lost."

"If Pangloss had not been hanged," said Candide, "he would have given us good counsel in this extremity, for he was a great philosopher. In his absence, let us consult the old woman."

She was very prudent, and was beginning to give her opinion, when another little door opened. It was one o'clock in the morning; it was the beginning of Sunday. This day belonged to the Inquisitor. He entered and saw the flogged Candide, sword in hand, a dead man stretched on the floor, Cunégonde terrified, and the old woman giving advice.

Here is what passed in that moment through Candide's mind, and how he reasoned: "If this holy man calls for help, he will certainly have me burned; he may do as much to Cunégonde; he had me pitilessly flogged; he is my rival; I have already started killing; there is no time to hesitate." This reasoning was clear and swift; and without giving the Inquisitor time to recover from his surprise, he ran him clean through

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[77] **[H]** *Coquine de Galiléenne*: literally "harlot of a Galilean," i.e., a Christian woman. The insult places Cunégonde within the framework of religious identity rather than individual personhood.

and flung him down beside the Jew.[78]

"Here is another one," said Cunégonde. "There is no more mercy for us; we are excommunicated, our last hour has come. How could you — you, who were born so gentle — kill a Jew and a prelate in two minutes?"

"My beautiful young lady," replied Candide, "when one is in love, jealous, and has been flogged by the Inquisition, one is beside oneself."

The old woman then spoke up and said: "There are three Andalusian horses in the stable with their saddles and bridles; let the brave Candide prepare them; Madame has moidores and diamonds;[79] let us mount quickly — though I can only sit on one buttock — and let us ride to Cadiz; the weather is the finest in the world, and it is a great pleasure to travel in the cool of the night."

Immediately Candide saddled the three horses. Cunégonde, the old woman, and he covered thirty miles at a stretch. While they were riding away, the Holy Brotherhood[80] arrived at the house; they buried His Lordship in a fine church and threw Issachar onto a rubbish heap.

Candide, Cunégonde, and the old woman were already in the little town of Avacena,[V2] in the middle of the mountains of the Sierra Morena; and they spoke thus in an inn.

> ***[V2]*** *Some 1759 editions read "Avacena"; others give variant spellings. The location is fictional or at least unidentified with certainty.*

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[78] **[H]** Candide's internal reasoning is presented as a logical syllogism, the philosophical method of Pangloss applied to the practical question of whether to commit murder. The comedy is that Candide reasons quite soundly; his conclusions follow from his premises. Philosophy, for once, proves useful — for killing.

[79] **[H]** *Moidores*: Portuguese gold coins. Cunégonde's possession of money and diamonds (presumably gifts from her two "masters") gives her the practical means of escape that no amount of philosophy could provide.

[80] **[H]** *La Sainte Hermandad*: the Holy Brotherhood, a Spanish law enforcement organization with jurisdiction over the countryside.

CHAPTER X

In What Distress Candide, Cunégonde, and the Old Woman Arrived at Cadiz; and of Their Embarkation

"Who could have stolen my pistoles and my diamonds?" said Cunégonde, weeping. "What shall we live on? What shall we do? Where shall I find Inquisitors and Jews to give me more?"

"Alas!" said the old woman, "I strongly suspect a reverend Franciscan father who slept last night at the same inn as us in Badajoz. God forbid that I should judge rashly! But he came into our room twice, and he left long before us."[81]

"Alas!" said Candide, "the good Pangloss often proved to me that the goods of this earth are common to all men, and that each has an equal right to them. That Franciscan, by these principles, ought to have left us enough to finish our journey. Have you nothing at all left, my beautiful Cunégonde?"

"Not a maravedi,"[82] she said.

"What course shall we take?" said Candide.

"Let us sell one of the horses," said the old woman. "I will ride behind Mademoiselle on the other, even though I can only sit on one buttock, and we will get to Cadiz."

There was in the same inn a Benedictine prior; he bought the horse for a low price. Candide, Cunégonde, and the old woman passed through Lucena, Chillas, and Lebrixa, and at last reached Cadiz.[V3] A fleet was being fitted out and troops assembled to bring to reason the Reverend

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[81] **[H]** The Franciscan friar who steals the money is part of Voltaire's running satire on religious hypocrisy: a member of the order vowed to poverty commits robbery. The old woman's careful disclaimer ("God forbid that I should judge rashly") adds a layer of ironic propriety.

[82] **[H]** *Maravedi*: a Spanish coin of very small value.

Jesuit Fathers of Paraguay,[83] who were accused of having caused one of their tribal hordes, near the town of San Sacramento, to revolt against the kings of Spain and Portugal. Candide, having served with the Bulgars, performed the Bulgar drill before the general of the little army with such grace, speed, skill, pride, and agility that they gave him command of an infantry company. And now he was a captain: he embarked with Mademoiselle Cunégonde, the old woman, two valets, and the two Andalusian horses that had belonged to the Grand Inquisitor of Portugal.

During the whole voyage they reasoned a great deal about the philosophy of poor Pangloss. "We are going to another world," said Candide. "It is no doubt in that one that all is well. For it must be admitted that one might groan a little over what happens in ours, both in the physical and the moral sphere."

"I love you with all my heart," said Cunégonde, "but my soul is still frightened by what I have seen and experienced."

"All will be well," replied Candide. "The sea of this new world is already better than the seas of our Europe; it is calmer, the winds are more constant. It is certainly the new world that is the best of all possible worlds."

"God grant it," said Cunégonde, "but I have been so dreadfully unhappy in mine that my heart is almost closed to hope."

"You complain!" said the old woman. "Alas! You have not experienced misfortunes such as mine."

Cunégonde almost laughed, and found it most amusing that this good woman claimed to be more unhappy than herself. "Alas," she said, "my good woman, unless you have been ravished by two Bulgars, stabbed

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[83] **[H]** The expedition against the Jesuits in Paraguay is historically grounded. The Jesuit missions (reducciones) in Paraguay had effectively created a state within a state, and Spain and Portugal sent military expeditions against them in the 1750s. Voltaire addressed this directly in his letter to the *Journal encyclopédique* (April/July 1759), where he defended *Candide*'s portrayal of Jesuit power in Paraguay as factually accurate.

twice in the belly, had two of your castles demolished, had two mothers and two fathers slaughtered before your eyes, and seen two of your lovers flogged in an auto-da-fé, I do not see how you could surpass me; add to this that I was born a baroness with seventy-two quarterings, and that I have been a cook."

"My lady," replied the old woman, "you do not know my birth; and if I showed you my behind,[84] you would not speak as you do, and you would suspend your judgment."

This speech aroused intense curiosity in the minds of Cunégonde and Candide. The old woman spoke to them in these terms.

> ***[V3]*** *The itinerary through Lucena, Chillas (sometimes "Chillas" or "Chillaz"), and Lebrixa varies slightly across the 1759 editions. These are real towns in Andalusia.*

CHAPTER XI

The Old Woman's Story

"I was not always bleary-eyed and red-rimmed; my nose did not always touch my chin, and I was not always a servant. I am the daughter of Pope Urban X and of the Princess of Palestrina.[85] Until the age of fourteen I was raised in a palace to which all the castles of your German barons would not have served as stables; and a single one of my dresses was worth more than all the magnificence of Westphalia. I

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[84] **[H]** *Si je vous montrais mon derrière*: the old woman's offer to show her backside (she has lost one buttock, as we will learn) is simultaneously shocking, comic, and pathetic. It is also a physical proof, an empirical demonstration of suffering that requires no philosophical argument.

[85] **[H]** *Le pape Urbain X*: There was no Pope Urban X. The last Urban was Urban VIII (d. 1644). Voltaire's invention of a fictional pope is a characteristically sly evasion, simultaneously mocking the papacy and protecting himself from censorship. The Princess of Palestrina is equally fictitious. The Garnier edition notes this fictive genealogy.

grew in beauty, in grace, in accomplishments, amid pleasures, homage, and prospects of glory. I was already inspiring love; my bosom was forming — and what a bosom[86]! White, firm, sculpted like that of the Venus de' Medici. And what eyes! What eyelids! What black eyebrows! What flames burned in my two pupils, and outshone the glittering of the stars, as the local poets used to tell me. The women who dressed and undressed me fell into ecstasies when they looked at me from the front and the back, and all the men would have wished to be in their place."

"I was betrothed to a sovereign prince of Massa-Carrara.[87] What a prince! As beautiful as I was, a concentration of sweetness and charm, sparkling with wit, and burning with love. I loved him as one loves for the first time, with idolatry, with frenzy. The wedding preparations were made with an unheard-of pomp and magnificence; there was an unending round of festivities, tournaments, and comic operas; and all Italy composed sonnets in my honor, not one of which was any good.

"I was on the verge of my happiness, when an old marchioness who had been my prince's mistress invited him for chocolate at her house. He died in less than two hours in the most frightful convulsions.[88] But that is a mere trifle. My mother, in despair — though far less afflicted than I — wished to absent herself for a time from so fatal a place. She had a very fine estate near Gaeta.[89] We embarked on a local galley,

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[86] **[H]** *Ma gorge se formait; et quelle gorge!*: The Old Woman's frank celebration of her own body, before cataloging its destruction, establishes the pattern of the chapters that follow: beauty is described only to be annihilated. The exclamatory tone (*et quelle gorge!*) parodies the conventions of romance narrative.

[87] **[H]** *Massa-Carrara*: a small principality in Tuscany, famous for its marble quarries. The choice of a real but obscure principality adds verisimilitude while maintaining comic deflation.

[88] **[H]** The poisoning by chocolate was a common method of assassination in eighteenth-century Italian tales. Voltaire dispatches the prince in two sentences, the speed itself part of the joke.

[89] **[H]** *Gaète*: Gaeta, a coastal city in the Kingdom of Naples.

gilded like the altar of Saint Peter's in Rome, when a corsair from Salé[90] bore down upon us and boarded us. Our soldiers defended themselves as soldiers of the Pope usually do: they threw down their arms, fell to their knees, and begged the corsair for absolution in articulo mortis.[91] "

"They were immediately stripped as naked as monkeys, and so was my mother, so were our ladies of honor, and so was I. It is a remarkable thing, the diligence with which these gentlemen undress people. But what surprised me more was that they thrust their fingers into a place in all of us where we women ordinarily admit only the nozzle of a syringe.[92] This ceremony seemed very strange to me; this is how one judges of everything when one has never been out of one's own country. I soon learned that it was to discover whether we had hidden any diamonds there; it is a custom established from time immemorial among the civilized nations that roam the seas. I learned that the religious Knights of Malta never fail to do this when they capture Turks and Turkish women; it is a rule of international law that has never been broken.[93] "

"I will not tell you how hard it is for a young princess to be taken to

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[90] **[H]** *Salé*: a Moroccan port city, historically a base for the Barbary corsairs who raided European shipping.

[91] **[H]** *In articulo mortis*: "at the point of death," a Latin formula from Catholic sacramental practice. The soldiers beg for last rites from the very pirates who are killing them. Voltaire's juxtaposition of religious ritual and military cowardice is compressed to the point of savagery.

[92] **[H]** The cavity search is described with the same deadpan clinical precision that Voltaire applies to battle and earthquake. The Old Woman's naive wonderment ("this is how one judges of everything when one has never been out of one's own country") transforms violation into a lesson in cultural relativism.

[93] **[H]** *Un droit des gens qui n'a jamais été dérogé*: "a rule of international law that has never been broken." The phrase *droit des gens* (law of nations) was a term of art in Enlightenment political philosophy. Voltaire applies it to sexual violation and robbery, the same bitter irony he deploys in Chapter III when burning villages proceeds "according to the rules of international law."

Morocco as a slave with her mother. You can well imagine all we had to suffer on the pirate ship. My mother was still very beautiful; our ladies of honor, even our ordinary maids, had more charms than are to be found in all Africa. As for myself, I was ravishing, I was beauty and grace itself, and I was a virgin. I did not remain one for long: the flower that had been reserved for the handsome prince of Massa-Carrara was plucked by the pirate captain. He was an abominable negro who even believed he was doing me an honor.[94] Indeed the Princess of Palestrina and I must have been very strong to endure all we went through until our arrival in Morocco. But let us pass over these things; they are so common that they are not worth speaking of."

"Morocco was swimming in blood when we arrived.[95] Fifty sons of the Emperor Muley Ismaël[96] each had a faction; this produced in effect fifty civil wars: blacks against blacks, blacks against browns, browns against browns, mulattoes against mulattoes. There was continual carnage throughout the whole extent of the empire.

"Scarcely had we landed when some blacks of a faction hostile to that of my pirate appeared, to take from him his plunder. We were, after the diamonds, the most precious part of his cargo. I was witness to a combat such as you never see in your European climates. The northern peoples have not the hot blood that is common in Africa. It is as though Europeans had milk in their veins; it is vitriol, it is fire that flows in the veins of the inhabitants of Mount Atlas and the neighboring countries. They fought with the fury of the lions, tigers, and serpents of the region, for possession of us. A Moor seized my

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[94] **[H]** The racial language here reflects eighteenth-century European attitudes and has been the subject of extensive modern commentary. The Old Woman's observation that the pirate "believed he was doing me an honor" introduces the theme of cultural perspective on violence that runs through her story.

[95] **[H]** Morocco in this period was indeed torn by succession wars. Voltaire's compressed account corresponds broadly to the political chaos that followed the death of Muley Ismaël.

[96] **[H]** *Mouley-Ismaël*: Sultan Ismaël Ibn Sharif (r. 1672–1727), known for extreme cruelty and for fathering an enormous number of children. His death precipitated decades of succession conflict.

mother by the right arm, my captain's lieutenant held her by the left; a Moorish soldier took her by one leg, one of our pirates held her by the other. Nearly all our women found themselves pulled in the same way by four soldiers. My captain kept me hidden behind him; sword in hand, he slew everyone who opposed his fury. At last I saw all our Italian women and my mother torn apart, cut to pieces, massacred by the monsters who fought over them. The captives, my companions, those who had captured them — soldiers, sailors, blacks, browns, whites, mulattoes, and finally my captain — all were slain, and I remained, dying, upon a heap of dead bodies. Similar scenes were taking place, as is well known, over an area of more than three hundred leagues, without anyone neglecting the five daily prayers prescribed by Mohammed.[97] "

"I disentangled myself with great difficulty from the pile of bloody corpses, and dragged myself to the foot of a large orange tree on the bank of a nearby stream; there I collapsed from shock, weariness, horror, despair, and hunger. Soon afterward my exhausted senses gave way to a sleep that was more like a swoon than a rest. I was in this state of weakness and insensibility, between life and death, when I felt something pressing upon me and moving on my body. I opened my eyes and saw a white man of good appearance who sighed and who muttered between his teeth: *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*"[98]

CHAPTER XII

Continuation of the Old Woman's Misfortunes

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[97] **[H]** *Sans qu'on manquât aux cinq prières par jour ordonnées par Mahomet*: the detail that daily prayers were punctiliously observed amid the slaughter is the same satirical technique Voltaire uses for the Te Deums in Chapter III. Religious observance and mass killing proceed in perfect parallel.

[98] **[H]** *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*: Italian for "Oh, what a misfortune to be without testicles!" The castrato's lament introduces the next chapter. The sudden shift from horror to this comic-pathetic exclamation is one of Voltaire's most characteristic tonal jolts.

"Astonished and delighted to hear the language of my homeland, and no less surprised at the words this man was uttering, I replied that there were greater misfortunes than the one he was complaining of. I informed him in a few words of the horrors I had undergone, and fainted again. He carried me to a neighboring house, had me put to bed and given food, waited on me, consoled me, flattered me, told me he had never seen anything so beautiful as I, and that he had never so much regretted that which no one could restore to him.[99]

"'I was born in Naples,' he told me, 'where they castrate two or three thousand boys every year. Some die of the operation, others acquire voices more beautiful than women's, and others go on to govern states.[100] This operation was performed upon me with great success, and I was a musician in the chapel of the Princess of Palestrina's household.'

"'Of my mother's household!' I cried.

"'Of your mother!' he cried, weeping. 'What! Can you be that little princess I educated until the age of six, and who at that age already promised to be as beautiful as you are?'

"'It is I; my mother lies quartered four hundred paces from here, under a heap of dead bodies…'

"I told him everything that had happened to me; he also told me his adventures, and informed me how he had been sent to the King of Morocco by a Christian power, to conclude a treaty with that monarch by which he would be furnished with gunpowder, cannons,

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[99] **[H]** *Ce que personne ne pouvait lui rendre*: "that which no one could restore to him." The eunuch's delicate circumlocution about his castration creates a moment of poignant comedy.

[100] **[H]** The castration of boys for the opera was widespread in Italy from the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries. Voltaire's figure of "two or three thousand" annually is likely exaggerated but captures the scale of the practice. The aside that some castrati "go on to govern states" refers to the political influence wielded by some court eunuchs.

and ships to help him destroy the commerce of other Christians.[101] 'My mission is accomplished,' said this honest eunuch; 'I am going to embark at Ceuta, and I will take you back to Italy. *Ma che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*'

"I thanked him with tears of tenderness; and instead of taking me to Italy, he conducted me to Algiers and sold me to the dey of that province.[102] Scarcely was I sold when that plague which has spread across Africa, Asia, and Europe broke out furiously in Algiers.[103] You have seen earthquakes; but, young lady, have you ever had the plague?"

"Never," replied the Baroness.

"If you had," said the old woman, "you would admit that it is far worse than an earthquake. It is very common in Africa; I was struck by it. Imagine the situation of a pope's daughter, fifteen years old, who in the space of three months had experienced poverty and slavery, had been ravished nearly every day, had seen her mother cut in four, had endured hunger and war, and was now dying of the plague in Algiers. I did not die, however; but my eunuch, the dey, and almost the entire seraglio of Algiers perished.

"When the first ravages of this frightful plague were over, the dey's slaves were sold. A merchant bought me and took me to Tunis; he sold me to another merchant, who resold me at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was resold to Alexandria, from Alexandria resold to Smyrna, from

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[101] **[H]** The detail that a Christian power sends an emissary to conclude a treaty furnishing arms to a Muslim state (to destroy the commerce of *other* Christians) is another instance of Voltaire's devastating irony about European realpolitik. The arms trade across religious lines made nonsense of the rhetoric of holy war.

[102] **[H]** *Dey*: the title of the ruler of Algiers under the Ottoman Empire.

[103] **[H]** Plague epidemics were indeed recurrent across North Africa and the Mediterranean throughout the eighteenth century.

Smyrna to Constantinople.[104] I ended up belonging to an aga of the janissaries,[105] who was soon ordered to go defend Azov against the Russians who were besieging it.[106]

"The aga, who was a very gallant man, took his entire seraglio with him, and lodged us in a small fort on the Maeotian marshes,[107] guarded by two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers. A prodigious number of Russians were slain, but they repaid us with interest. Azov was put to fire and sword, and there was no pardon for sex or age; there remained only our little fort; the enemy resolved to starve us out. The twenty janissaries had sworn never to surrender. The extremes of hunger to which they were reduced forced them to eat our two eunuchs, for fear of breaking their oath. At the end of a few days they resolved to eat the women."

"We had with us a very pious and compassionate imam, who preached them a fine sermon by which he persuaded them not to kill us altogether. 'Cut off only one buttock from each of these ladies,' he said, 'and you will feast very well; if you need to come back for more, you can have as much again in a few days; Heaven will be pleased with so charitable an action, and you will be relieved.'[108]

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[104] **[H]** The Old Woman's itinerary of sale (Tunis, Tripoli, Alexandria, Smyrna, Constantinople) traces the major slave markets of the Ottoman Mediterranean. Each sale reduces her further in status while expanding the geographic scope of her suffering.

[105] **[H]** *Aga des janissaires*: a military commander of the janissaries, the elite Ottoman infantry corps.

[106] **[H]** The siege of Azov (on the Sea of Azov, near the Black Sea) refers to the Russo-Turkish wars of the late seventeenth century. Peter the Great besieged Azov in 1695–1696.

[107] **[H]** *Palus-Méotides*: the ancient name for the Sea of Azov.

[108] **[H]** The imam's "compassionate" sermon (arguing that God will bless the amputation of the women's buttocks as an act of charity) is one of the most extreme examples of Voltaire's technique of clothing atrocity in the language of piety and reason. The scene parallels Pangloss's teleological arguments: just as noses were "made for" spectacles, the women's flesh is presented as providentially available for consumption.

"He was very eloquent; he persuaded them. This horrible operation was performed on us. The imam applied to us the same balm that is put on children who have just been circumcised. We were all at the point of death.

"The janissaries had scarcely finished the meal we had furnished them when the Russians arrived in flat-bottomed boats; not one janissary escaped. The Russians paid no attention to the state we were in. There are French surgeons everywhere; one of them, who was very skillful, took care of us. He healed us, and I shall remember all my life that when my wounds were fully closed, he made me a proposition.[109] For the rest, he told us all to cheer up; he assured us that the same sort of thing had happened in several sieges, and that it was the law of war.[110] "

"As soon as my companions could walk, they were sent to Moscow. I fell to the lot of a boyard,[111] who made me his gardener and gave me twenty lashes a day. But this lord having been broken on the wheel after about two years, with thirty other boyards, over some court intrigue, I took advantage of this event; I fled; I crossed all Russia; I was for a long time a servant in an inn at Riga, then at Rostock, at Wismar, at Leipzig, at Kassel, at Utrecht, at Leiden, at The Hague, at Rotterdam;[112] I have grown old in misery and in shame, having only half a behind, always remembering that I was the daughter of a Pope; I wanted to kill

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[109] **[H]** *Il me fit des propositions*: "he made me a proposition." The surgeon's sexual advance, casually mentioned amid the description of surgical care, exemplifies the matter-of-fact tone in which sexual exploitation is narrated throughout the Old Woman's story. The deadpan delivery makes it more disturbing, not less.

[110] **[H]** *La loi de la guerre*: "the law of war," the same phrase used in Chapter III and Chapter V. Its recurrence constitutes a running motif: the laws of civilized nations authorize every conceivable horror.

[111] **[H]** *Boyard*: a Russian nobleman.

[112] **[H]** The Old Woman's itinerary through Europe (Riga, Rostock, Wismar, Leipzig, Kassel, Utrecht, Leiden, The Hague, Rotterdam) is a tour of the inn-keeping underclass of northern Europe, a social trajectory that takes her from papal princess to servant at a roadside inn.

myself a hundred times, but I still loved life. This ridiculous weakness is perhaps one of our most disastrous inclinations: for is there anything more foolish than to want to carry continually a burden that one always wishes to throw on the ground? To regard one's existence with horror, and to cling to one's existence? In short, to caress the serpent that devours us, until it has eaten our heart?[113]

"In the countries through which it has been my fate to travel, and in the inns where I have served, I have seen a prodigious number of people who held their existence in abhorrence; but I have seen only twelve who voluntarily put an end to their misery: three negroes, four Englishmen, four Genevans, and a German professor named Robeck.[114] I ended up as a servant in the household of the Jew Don Issachar; he placed me near your person, my beautiful young lady; I have become attached to your destiny and have been more occupied with your adventures than with my own. I would never even have spoken to you of my misfortunes if you had not provoked me a little, and if it were not the custom on board ship to tell stories to pass the time. In short, my young lady, I have experience, I know the world; amuse yourself, get each passenger to tell you his story; and if there is a single one who has not often cursed his life, who has not often said to himself that he was the most unfortunate of men, throw me into

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[113] **[H]** The Old Woman's philosophical reflection on the human attachment to life (the "ridiculous weakness" of clinging to an existence one abhors) constitutes one of the most seriously argued passages in the novel. It is not satirized or undercut; it stands as a genuine philosophical observation that anticipates existentialist themes. The image of caressing the serpent that devours us has been widely cited.

[114] **[H]** Johann Robeck (1672–1739) was a German professor who wrote a treatise defending the moral legitimacy of suicide, then drowned himself to prove his point. The specificity of the Old Woman's statistics — "three negroes, four Englishmen, four Genevans" — parodies empirical methodology while making a serious observation about the universality of despair.

the sea head first."[115]

CHAPTER XIII

How Candide Was Obliged to Separate from the Beautiful Cunégonde and from the Old Woman

The beautiful Cunégonde, having heard the old woman's story, paid her all the courtesies due to a person of her rank and merit. She accepted the proposition; she got every passenger on the ship, one after another, to tell her his adventures. She and Candide admitted that the old woman was right.

"It is a great pity," said Candide, "that the wise Pangloss was hanged, contrary to custom, in an auto-da-fé; he would have told us admirable things about the physical and moral evil that covers the earth and the sea, and I would have felt strong enough to venture, respectfully, a few objections."

While each person told his story, the ship made progress. They landed at Buenos Aires.[116] Cunégonde, Captain Candide, and the old woman went to call on the Governor, Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza.[117] This lord had the pride appropriate to a man who bore so many names. He spoke to people with the most noble disdain, carrying his nose so high, raising his voice

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[115] **[H]** The Old Woman's challenge (inviting Cunégonde to find anyone aboard who has not cursed his own life) establishes the competitive misery that structures the next several chapters and anticipates Martin's pessimism. It is the novel's most direct invitation to empirical inquiry: test the hypothesis that all is for the best against the actual testimony of human beings.

[116] **[H]** Buenos Aires was the administrative capital of the Spanish Viceroyalty of the Río de la Plata. Voltaire's choice of destination brings the narrative into the theater of Jesuit power in South America.

[117] **[H]** The Governor's absurdly compounded name satirizes Spanish aristocratic naming conventions. Each additional surname implies another noble lineage; the cumulative effect is of pomposity inflated to the point of comedy.

so pitilessly, taking so imperious a tone, affecting so haughty a bearing, that all who greeted him were tempted to beat him. He loved women to the point of fury. Cunégonde seemed to him the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. The first thing he did was to ask whether she was the Captain's wife. The air with which he put this question alarmed Candide: he did not dare say she was his wife, because in fact she was not; he did not dare say she was his sister, because she was not that either; and although this diplomatic lie had once been very fashionable among the ancients,[118] and could still be useful to the moderns, his soul was too pure to be unfaithful to the truth.

"Mademoiselle Cunégonde," he said, "is to do me the honor of marrying me, and we humbly beseech Your Excellency to condescend to perform our wedding."

Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza twirled his moustache, smiled bitterly, and ordered Captain Candide to go and review his company. Candide obeyed; the Governor remained with Mademoiselle Cunégonde. He declared his passion to her and protested that the next day he would marry her in the face of the Church, or otherwise, as it might please her charms. Cunégonde asked for a quarter of an hour to collect herself, to consult the old woman, and to make up her mind.

The old woman said to Cunégonde: "My young lady, you have seventy-two quarterings, and not a penny; it depends entirely on you to be the wife of the greatest lord in South America, who has a very fine moustache; is it for you to pride yourself on an unshakable fidelity? You have been ravished by the Bulgars; a Jew and an Inquisitor have enjoyed your good graces. Misfortunes confer rights.[119] I confess that if

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[118] **[H]** *Ce mensonge officieux*: the "diplomatic lie" refers to the biblical story of Abraham, who told Pharaoh that his wife Sarah was his sister (Genesis 12:10–20). Candide's inability to deploy this scriptural precedent for dishonesty is both a measure of his innocence and a joke about the uses of religious precedent.

[119] **[H]** *Les malheurs donnent des droits*: "misfortunes confer rights." This is one of the Old Woman's most memorable formulations, a practical, unsentimental moral philosophy derived entirely from experience rather than theory. It stands in pointed contrast to Pangloss's abstract optimism.

I were in your place, I would have no scruple in marrying the Governor and making the fortune of Captain Candide."

While the old woman was speaking with all the prudence that age and experience bestow, a small vessel was seen entering the harbor; it brought an *alcalde*[120] and some *alguazils*,[121] and this is what had happened.

The old woman had guessed correctly that it was a long-sleeved Franciscan who had stolen Cunégonde's money and jewels in the town of Badajoz, when she was fleeing in haste with Candide. This friar tried to sell some of the stones to a jeweler. The merchant recognized them as belonging to the Grand Inquisitor. The Franciscan, before he was hanged, confessed that he had stolen them; he described the persons and the route they were taking. The flight of Cunégonde and Candide was already known. They were followed to Cadiz; a vessel was dispatched in pursuit of them without loss of time. The vessel was already in the port of Buenos Aires. The rumor spread that an *alcalde* was about to land, and that they were in pursuit of the murderers of the Grand Inquisitor. The prudent old woman saw instantly what was to be done. "You cannot flee," she said to Cunégonde, "and you have nothing to fear; it was not you who killed His Lordship; besides, the Governor, who loves you, will not allow you to be ill-treated; stay."

She ran to Candide at once: "Flee," she said, "or in an hour you will be burned." There was not a moment to lose; but how could he leave Cunégonde, and where was he to take refuge?

CHAPTER XIV

How Candide and Cacambo Were Received by the Jesuits of Paraguay

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120 **[H]** *Alcalde*: a Spanish magistrate or judge.

121 **[H]** *Alguazils*: Spanish law enforcement officers.

Candide had brought with him from Cadiz a valet of the sort commonly found on the coasts of Spain and in the colonies. He was a quarter Spanish, born of a half breed in Tucumán;[122] he had been a choirboy, a sacristan, a sailor, a monk, a commercial agent, a soldier, and a lackey. His name was Cacambo, and he loved his master very much, because his master was a very good man. He saddled the two Andalusian horses with all speed. "Come, master, let us take the old woman's advice; let us be off and ride without looking behind us."

Candide shed tears. "O my dear Cunégonde! Must I abandon you just when the Governor was going to perform our wedding? Cunégonde, brought from so far away, what will become of you?"

"She will become what she can," said Cacambo. "Women are never at a loss; God provides for them; let us run."

"Where are you taking me? Where are we going? What shall we do without Cunégonde?" said Candide.

"By Saint James of Compostela," said Cacambo, "you were going to make war on the Jesuits; let us go and make war for them. I know the roads well enough; I will take you to their kingdom; they will be delighted to have a captain who can do the Bulgar drill; you will make a prodigious fortune. When one does not get one's due in one world, one finds it in another. It is a very great pleasure to see and do new things."[123]

"Then you have already been in Paraguay?" said Candide.

"Indeed I have!" said Cacambo. "I was a servant in the College of the

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122 **[H]** *Tucumán*: a province in northwestern Argentina. Cacambo's mixed ancestry (quarter Spanish, son of a mestizo) and his varied career mark him as a product of the colonial world, resourceful and adaptable in ways the European characters are not.

123 **[H]** Cacambo's pragmatic philosophy ("when one does not get one's due in one world, one finds it in another") anticipates the novel's conclusion. He is the novel's most competent character, precisely because he has no philosophical system.

Assumption,[124] and I know the government of Los Padres[125] as well as I know the streets of Cadiz. It is an admirable thing, this government. The kingdom is already more than three hundred leagues in diameter; it is divided into thirty provinces. Los Padres have everything, and the people nothing; it is the masterpiece of reason and justice. For myself, I know of nothing so divine as Los Padres, who here make war on the King of Spain and the King of Portugal, and in Europe hear those kings' confessions; who here kill Spaniards, and in Madrid send them to heaven. This delights me; let us go forward; you are going to be the happiest of men. What pleasure Los Padres will have when they learn that a captain is coming to them who knows the Bulgar drill!"[126]

As soon as they arrived at the first outpost, Cacambo told the advance guard that a captain wished to speak to the Commandant. Word was sent to the main guard. A Paraguayan officer ran to the Commandant's headquarters to lay the news at the feet of his superior. Candide and Cacambo were first disarmed; then their two Andalusian horses were seized. The two strangers were brought in between two ranks of soldiers; the Commandant was at the far end, three-cornered hat on his head, cassock tucked up, sword at his side, and a half-pike in his hand.[127] He made a sign; instantly twenty-four soldiers surrounded the two newcomers. A sergeant told them that they must wait, that the Commandant could not speak to them, that the Reverend Provincial Father did not permit any Spaniard to open his mouth except in his

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[124] **[H]** *Collège de l'Assomption*: The College of the Assumption in Asunción, Paraguay, was the administrative center of the Jesuit missions.

[125] **[H]** *Los Padres*: "The Fathers," the Jesuit missionaries. Cacambo's description of their government is historically grounded. See Voltaire's letter to the *Journal encyclopédique*, where he defended this portrayal at length.

[126] **[H]** Cacambo's description of the Jesuit state ("the masterpiece of reason and justice," where the Fathers have everything and the people nothing) is deeply ironic. The additional detail that the Jesuits wage war on Spain and Portugal in the Americas while hearing those kings' confessions in Europe captures the dual nature of Jesuit power that Voltaire found so objectionable.

[127] **[H]** The Commandant's outfit (cassock, sword, and half-pike) embodies the Jesuit fusion of religious and military authority that Voltaire satirized throughout his career.

presence, or to remain more than three hours in the country.

"And where is the Reverend Provincial Father?" said Cacambo.

"He is at the parade after having said Mass," replied the sergeant, "and you will not be able to kiss his spurs for another three hours."

"But," said Cacambo, "the Captain, who is dying of hunger just as I am, is not a Spaniard but a German; could we not have breakfast while waiting for His Reverence?"

The sergeant went at once to report this to the Commandant.

"God be praised!" said that lord. "Since he is a German, I may speak to him; let him be brought to my arbor."

Candide was immediately led into a leafy bower, adorned with a very pretty colonnade of green and gold marble, and with trellises containing parrots, hummingbirds, colibris, guinea fowl, and all the rarest birds. An excellent breakfast was prepared in golden vessels; and while the Paraguayans ate corn out of wooden bowls, in the open field, in the blazing sun, the Reverend Father Commandant entered the arbor.[128]

He was a very handsome young man, with a full face, rather fair-skinned, high colored, with arched eyebrows, keen eyes, red ears, vermilion lips, and a proud air — but a pride that was neither that of a Spaniard nor that of a Jesuit. Candide and Cacambo were given back their arms, which had been taken from them, as well as their two Andalusian horses; Cacambo fed them their oats near the arbor, keeping an eye on them lest there be a surprise.

Candide first kissed the hem of the Commandant's cassock, then they sat down to table.

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[128] **[H]** The contrast between the Commandant's elaborate breakfast in golden vessels and the Paraguayans eating corn from wooden bowls in the sun encapsulates Voltaire's critique of the Jesuit missions: a theocratic aristocracy ruling an impoverished indigenous population.

"You are German, then?" the Jesuit said to him

in that language. "Yes, Reverend Father," said

Candide.

As they pronounced these words, they looked at each other with extreme astonishment and an emotion they could not control.

"And from what part of Germany do you come?" said the Jesuit.
"From the filthy province of Westphalia," said Candide. "I was born in the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh."

"O Heavens! Is it possible?" cried the Commandant.

"What a miracle!" cried Candide.

"Is it really you?" said the Commandant.

"It is not possible!" said Candide.

They both fell backward, they embraced, they shed rivers of tears.

"What! Is it you, Reverend Father? You, the brother of the beautiful Cunégonde! You, who were killed by the Bulgars! You, the son of the Baron! You, a Jesuit in Paraguay! I must say this world is a strange thing. O Pangloss! Pangloss! How happy you would be if you had not been hanged!"[129]

The Commandant sent away the negro slaves and the Paraguayans who were serving drinks in goblets of rock crystal. He thanked God and Saint Ignatius a thousand times; he clasped Candide in his arms; their faces were bathed in tears.

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[129] **[H]** Candide's exclamation ("how happy you would be if you had not been hanged!"), addressed to the absent Pangloss, is one of the novel's finest comic moments. Even amid a miraculous reunion, Candide's first thought is how it would confirm optimistic philosophy.

"You would be even more astonished, more moved, more beside yourself," said Candide, "if I told you that Mademoiselle Cunégonde, your sister, whom you believed to be disemboweled, is in perfect health."

"Where?"

"In your neighborhood, with the Governor of Buenos Aires; and I came here to make war on you."

Every word they spoke in this long conversation heaped wonder upon wonder. Their whole souls flew from their tongues, listened through their ears, and sparkled in their eyes. As they were Germans, they sat at table for a long time, waiting for the Reverend Provincial Father; and the Commandant spoke thus to his dear Candide.

CHAPTER XV

How Candide Killed the Brother of His Dear Cunégonde

"I shall have before my eyes all my life the horrible day when I saw my father and mother killed and my sister ravished. When the Bulgars withdrew, my adorable sister was nowhere to be found, and my mother, my father, and I, along with two servant girls and three little boys who had had their throats cut, were placed in a cart to be taken for burial in a Jesuit chapel two leagues from the castle of my forefathers. A Jesuit sprinkled us with holy water; it was horribly salty; a few drops fell into my eyes; the Father noticed that my eyelid made a tiny movement; he placed his hand on my heart and felt it beating; I was rescued, and at the end of three weeks was fully recovered. You know, my dear Candide, that I was very handsome; I became even more so; and so the Reverend Father Croust,[130] superior of the house, conceived the most tender

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[130] **[H]** *Le révérend père Croust*: a real Jesuit, Father Antoine Kroust, who was rector of the Jesuit College at Colmar and with whom Voltaire had clashed. The naming of an actual person in this context (suggesting a homosexual attraction to the young Baron) was characteristically provocative.

friendship for me; he gave me a novice's habit; some time later I was sent to Rome. The Father General had need of a supply of young German Jesuit recruits. The sovereigns of Paraguay accept as few Spanish Jesuits as possible; they prefer foreigners, whom they believe they can better control. The Reverend Father General judged me fit to go and labor in this vineyard. We set out: a Pole, a Tyrolean, and I. On my arrival, I was honored with a sub-deaconate and a lieutenancy; today I am a colonel and a priest.[131] We shall give a vigorous reception to the King of Spain's troops; I assure you they will be excommunicated and beaten. Providence has sent you here to assist us. But is it really true that my dear sister Cunégonde is in the neighborhood, with the Governor of Buenos Aires?"

Candide swore to him that nothing was more true. Their tears began to flow again.

The Baron could not tire of embracing Candide; he called him his brother, his savior.

"Ah!" he said, "perhaps, my dear Candide, we shall enter the city as conquerors together, and recover my sister Cunégonde."

"That is all I wish for," said Candide, "for I was counting on marrying her, and I still hope to."

"You insolent creature!" replied the Baron. "Would you have the impudence to marry my sister, who has seventy-two quarterings? I find it most presumptuous of you to dare speak to me of so rash a design!"[132]

Candide, petrified at this speech, replied: "Reverend Father, all the quarterings in the world make no difference; I rescued your sister from

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[131] **[H]** *Colonel et prêtre*: "colonel and priest." The casual conjunction of military and religious rank epitomizes the Jesuit fusion of spiritual and temporal power.

[132] **[H]** The Baron's outrage at Candide's presumption in proposing to marry Cunégonde (despite having rescued her from sexual slavery) recapitulates the opening chapter's satire of aristocratic obsession with quarterings. The theme will recur in the final chapter, when the Baron again objects.

the arms of a Jew and of an Inquisitor; she has considerable obligations to me, she wishes to marry me. Master Pangloss always told me that men are equal, and I will certainly marry her."

"We shall see about that, you scoundrel!" said the Jesuit Baron of Thunder-ten tronckh, and at that moment struck him across the face with the flat of his sword. Candide instantly drew his own and plunged it up to the hilt in the Jesuit Baron's belly; but as he withdrew it, still steaming, he began to weep. "Alas! My God," he said, "I have killed my former master, my friend, my brother-in-law; I am the best man in the world, and here I have already killed three men, and two of them were priests."[133]

Cacambo, who was standing guard at the door of the arbor, came running in.

"There is nothing for it but to sell our lives dearly," said his master. "They will certainly come into the arbor, and we must die sword in hand."

Cacambo, who had been in tight situations before, did not lose his head; he took the Jesuit cassock that the Baron had been wearing, put it on Candide, gave him the dead man's square cap, and made him mount his horse. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye. "Let us gallop, master; everyone will take you for a Jesuit going to give orders; and we will have passed the frontier before they can pursue us."

He was already riding at full speed as he said these words, crying in Spanish: "Make way, make way for the Reverend Father Colonel."

CHAPTER XVI

[133] **[H]** Candide's horrified self-accounting (three men killed, two of them priests) reveals both his essential gentleness and the absurdity of a world that forces a man of "the gentlest dispositions" into serial homicide. The phrase *le meilleur homme du monde* ("the best man in the world") echoes the novel's central claim about "the best of worlds."

What Happened to the Two Travelers with Two Girls, Two Monkeys, and the Savages Called the Oreillons

Candide and his valet were past the outposts before anyone in the camp knew of the German Jesuit's death. The vigilant Cacambo had taken care to fill his saddlebag with bread, chocolate, ham, fruit, and a quantity of wine. They penetrated on their Andalusian horses into an unknown country where they found no road. At length a beautiful meadow, intersected by streams, presented itself. Our two travelers let their horses graze. Cacambo suggested to his master that they eat, and he set the example.

"How can you expect me to eat ham," said Candide, "when I have killed the Baron's son, and find myself condemned never to see the beautiful Cunégonde again for the rest of my life? What good will it do me to prolong my miserable days, since I must drag them out far from her in remorse and despair? And what will the *Journal de Trévoux* say?"[134]

So speaking, he did not refrain from eating. The sun was setting. The two wanderers heard some faint cries that seemed to come from women. They did not know whether these were cries of pain or of joy; but they sprang to their feet with the alarm and anxiety that everything inspires in an unknown country. These clamors came from two girls, completely naked, who were running lightly along the edge of the meadow, while two monkeys followed them, biting their buttocks. Candide was moved to pity; he had learned to shoot with the Bulgars, and could have shot a hazelnut from a bush without touching the leaves. He picked up his double barreled Spanish gun, fired, and killed both monkeys.

"God be praised, my dear Cacambo! I have delivered these two poor creatures from a great peril. If I committed a sin in killing an Inquisitor and a Jesuit, I have made ample amends by saving the lives of two girls. Perhaps they are young ladies of quality, and this adventure may secure

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[134] **[H]** *Le Journal de Trévoux*: a Jesuit literary and scientific journal. The absurdity of Candide worrying what a literary review will say about him while fleeing for his life is characteristic of Voltaire's comedy.

us great advantages in this country."

He was going to continue, but his words died on his lips when he saw the two girls tenderly embracing the two monkeys, dissolving in tears over their bodies, and filling the air with the most piteous cries.

"I was not expecting quite so much goodness of heart," he said at last to Cacambo, who replied: "A fine piece of work, master; you have killed the two lovers of these young ladies."

"Their lovers! Is it possible? You are making fun of me, Cacambo; how can I believe you?"
"My dear master," replied Cacambo, "you are always astonished at everything. Why should you find it so strange that in some countries monkeys obtain the favors of ladies? They are quarter human, just as I am quarter Spanish."[135]

"Alas!" replied Candide. "I remember hearing Master Pangloss say that similar things used to happen, and that such mixtures had produced aegipans, fauns, and satyrs; that several great figures of antiquity had seen them; but I took it all for fable."

"You should be convinced now that it is the truth," said Cacambo, "and you see how people behave who have not received a certain education. All I fear is that these ladies may get us into trouble."

These sound reflections led Candide to leave the meadow and plunge into a wood. There he ate supper with Cacambo; and both, after cursing the Inquisitor of Portugal, the Governor of Buenos Aires, and the Baron, fell asleep on the moss. When they awoke, they found they could not move; the reason was that during the night, the Oreillons,[136]

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[135] **[H]** The episode of the women and monkeys draws on contemporary European reports about indigenous American peoples, many of which were wildly distorted. Voltaire's treatment is both satirical and ambiguous: Cacambo's matter-of-fact acceptance of such relationships contrasts with Candide's horror, leaving the reader uncertain whom to credit.

[136] **[H]** *Oreillons*: "big ears," a fictional indigenous people, though the name evokes various South American groups described in European travel literature.

inhabitants of the country, to whom the two ladies had denounced them, had bound them with ropes made of bark. They were surrounded by some fifty Oreillons, completely naked, armed with arrows, clubs, and stone hatchets. Some were heating a large cauldron; others were preparing spits; and all were crying: "It is a Jesuit, it is a Jesuit! We shall be avenged, and we shall eat well; let us eat Jesuit, let us eat Jesuit!"[137]

"I told you so, my dear master," cried Cacambo sadly. "I knew those two girls would play us a dirty trick."

Candide, seeing the cauldron and the spits, cried out: "We are certainly going to be roasted or boiled. Ah! What would Master Pangloss say if he saw how the pure state of nature works? All is well, I grant you; but I must confess it is very cruel to have lost Mademoiselle Cunégonde and to be roasted on a spit by the Oreillons."[138]

Cacambo never lost his head. "Do not despair," he told the despondent Candide; "I understand a little of these people's language, and I will speak to them."

"Be sure to point out to them," said Candide, "how frightfully inhuman it is to cook men, and how very un-Christian."[139]

"Gentlemen," said Cacambo, "so you intend to eat a Jesuit today? Very well; nothing could be fairer: nothing is more just than to treat one's enemies so. Indeed, natural law teaches us to kill our neighbor, and this

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137 **[H]** *Mangeons du jésuite*: "let us eat Jesuit!" This phrase reportedly became a popular catchphrase after *Candide's* publication. The scene draws on both real and embellished accounts of cannibalism in the Americas, turned here into anti-Jesuit satire.

138 **[H]** Candide's invocation of Pangloss while facing a cooking pot is among the novel's most perfect comic moments: even at the point of being eaten, he attempts philosophical reflection.

139 **[H]** *Combien il est peu chrétien de faire cuire des hommes*: Candide's appeal to Christian values against cannibalism is unconsciously ironic, given the atrocities perpetrated by Christians throughout the novel.

is how people behave all over the world. If we do not exercise the right of eating our neighbor, it is because we have other means of making a good meal; but you do not have the same resources as we do, and it is certainly better to eat one's enemies than to abandon the fruits of one's victory to the crows and ravens. But, gentlemen, you would not wish to eat your friends. You believe you are about to put a Jesuit on the spit, but it is your defender you are about to roast, it is the enemy of your enemies. As for me, I was born in your country; this gentleman whom you see is my master, and, far from being a Jesuit, he has just killed a Jesuit, and he is wearing the spoils; that is the cause of your mistake. To verify what I am telling you, take his cassock, carry it to the first outpost of the Kingdom of the Fathers; find out whether my master has not killed a Jesuit officer. It will not take long; you can always eat us afterward if you discover that I have lied. But if I have told you the truth, you know the principles of international law, of customs and rules, too well to fail to treat us kindly."[140]

The Oreillons found this speech very reasonable; they deputed two notables to go with all diligence to find out the truth. The two delegates carried out their mission like intelligent men and soon returned with good news. The Oreillons untied their two prisoners, showed them all sorts of civilities, offered them girls, gave them refreshments, and escorted them to the borders of their territory, joyfully crying: "He is not a Jesuit! He is not a Jesuit!"

Candide could not stop marveling at the cause of his deliverance. "What a people!" he said. "What men! What customs! If I had not had the good fortune to run Mademoiselle Cunégonde's brother through with my sword, I should have been eaten without mercy. But after all, the pure state of nature is good, since these people, instead of eating me, showed me a thousand courtesies as soon as they learned I was not a Jesuit."

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[140] **[H]** Cacambo's rhetorical tour de force (simultaneously defending the Oreillons' right to eat their enemies, applying the language of international law to cannibalism, and extricating his master from danger) makes him the novel's most effective practical philosopher.

CHAPTER XVII

Arrival of Candide and His Valet in the Country of El Dorado, and What They Saw There

When they were on the borders of the Oreillons' territory, Cacambo said to Candide: "You see, this hemisphere is no better than the other; take my advice, let us go back to Europe by the shortest route."

"How can we go back?" said Candide, "and where would we go? If I go to my own country, the Bulgars and the Abars are slaughtering everybody; if I return to Portugal, I shall be burned; if we stay in this country, we risk being put on the spit at any moment. But how can I bring myself to leave the part of the world where Mademoiselle Cunégonde lives?"

"Let us head for Cayenne," said Cacambo. "We shall find Frenchmen there, for they are everywhere; they may help us. God will perhaps have pity on us."

It was not easy to get to Cayenne; they knew roughly the direction to take, but everywhere there were terrible obstacles: mountains, rivers, precipices, bandits, savages. Their horses died of exhaustion; their provisions were used up; for a whole month they lived on wild fruits, and at length found themselves beside a little river bordered with coconut palms, which sustained both their lives and their hopes.

Cacambo, who always gave advice as sound as the old woman's, said to Candide: "We can go no farther; we have walked enough. I see an empty canoe on the bank; let us fill it with coconuts, throw ourselves into this little boat, and drift with the current; a river always leads to some inhabited place. If we do not find pleasant things, we shall at least find new ones."

"Let us go," said Candide. "Let us recommend ourselves to Providence."

They drifted for a few leagues between banks that were sometimes

covered with flowers, sometimes bare, sometimes flat, sometimes steep. The river grew steadily wider; at last it disappeared beneath a vault of frightful rocks that rose to the sky. The two travelers had the boldness to abandon themselves to the waters beneath this vault. The river, narrowed at this point, carried them with horrible speed and a deafening noise. After twenty-four hours they saw daylight again; but their canoe was dashed to pieces on the reefs. They had to drag themselves from rock to rock for a whole league; at last they emerged into an immense open plain, bordered by inaccessible mountains. The land was cultivated for pleasure as well as for need; everywhere the useful was combined with the agreeable.[141] The roads were covered — or rather adorned — with carriages of brilliant form and material, carrying men and women of singular beauty, and drawn with great speed by large red sheep that outran the finest horses of Andalusia, Tetuan, and Meknès.[142]

"Here, however," said Candide, "is a country that is better than Westphalia."

He stepped ashore with Cacambo near the first village they came to. A few children of the village, dressed in tattered cloth-of-gold, were playing quoits at the entrance to the town; our two men from the other world amused themselves watching them: their quoits were rather large round pieces, yellow, red, and green, which cast a singular luster. The travelers took a fancy to pick up a few of them; they were of gold, of emeralds, of rubies, the least of which would have been the greatest

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[141] **[H]** The phrase *l'utile était joint à l'agréable* ("the useful was combined with the agreeable") is a deliberate echo of Horace's *utile dulci and of classical utopian literature. El Dorado is Voltaire's version of Thomas More's Utopia, but with characteristic differences.*

[142] **[H]** *De gros moutons rouges*: "large red sheep." Voltaire's substitution of sheep for horses (probably llamas or alpacas, animals Europeans had not seen) is both comic and disorienting: the familiar world's categories do not apply here.

ornament of the throne of the Great Mogul.[143]

"No doubt," said Cacambo, "these children are the sons of the king of this country, playing at quoits."

The village schoolmaster appeared at that moment, to call them back to school. "There," said Candide, "is the tutor of the royal family."

The little beggars at once quit their game, leaving on the ground their quoits and everything else that had served for their amusement. Candide picks them up, runs to the tutor, and presents them to him humbly, giving him to understand by signs that Their Royal Highnesses had forgotten their gold and their gems. The village schoolmaster, smiling, threw them on the ground, looked for a moment at Candide's face with great surprise, and went on his way.

The travelers did not fail to gather up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds. "Where are we?" cried Candide. "The children of the kings of this country must be well brought up indeed, since they are taught to despise gold and precious stones." Cacambo was as surprised as Candide. At last they drew near the first house of the village; it was built like a European palace. A crowd of people pressed about the door, and still more within. Very agreeable music could be heard, and a delicious smell of cooking made itself felt. Cacambo went up to the door, and heard Peruvian being spoken; it was his mother tongue, for everyone knows that Cacambo was born in Tucumán, in a village where no other language was known.[144] "I will serve as your interpreter," he said to Candide; "let us go in; this is an inn."

At once two boys and two girls of the establishment, dressed in cloth-

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143 **[H]** *The Great Mogul:* the emperor of Mughal India, whose jeweled Peacock Throne was proverbial in Europe as the summit of earthly opulence. The comparison is calibrated: the least pebble in El Dorado's gutter outshines the richest object the outside world can imagine. (Your existing note 143, on the inversion this image performs, should be retained and anchored here or at the schoolmaster's shrug.)

144 **[H]** *On parlait péruvien:* "Peruvian" — that is, Quechua, the administrative language of the Inca empire, which survives in the Andes to this day. The narrator's offhand "everyone knows" (*car tout le monde sait*) certifies an absurdity with mock authority, parodying the omniscient assurances of romance narration.

of-gold, their hair tied up with ribbons, invited them to sit down at the common table. They served four soups, each garnished with two parrots, a boiled contour that weighed two hundred pounds,[145] two roasted monkeys of excellent flavor, three hundred colibris on one platter and six hundred hummingbirds on another,[146] exquisite ragouts, delicious pastries — the whole in dishes of a kind of rock crystal. The boys and the girls of the inn poured out several liqueurs made from sugarcane.

The guests were for the most part merchants and carters, all of an extreme politeness, who put a few questions to Cacambo with the most circumspect discretion, and answered his own in a fully satisfying manner.

When the meal was over, Cacambo, like Candide, thought he was paying his share handsomely by tossing onto the host's table two of those large gold pieces he had picked up; the host and hostess burst out laughing, and held their sides for a long while. At last they recovered themselves. "Gentlemen," said the host, "we see plainly that you are foreigners; we are not accustomed to seeing any. Forgive us if we began to laugh when you offered us the pebbles of our highways in payment. You doubtless have none of the money of the country; but none is needed to dine here. All the inns established for the convenience of

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145 **[T]** *Un contour bouilli:* the *contour* is the condor — the older French form of the word (from Spanish *cóndor*, from Quechua *kuntur*), the form Buffon also uses. Most translators simply write "condor." The bird's true weight is under thirty-five pounds; Voltaire's two hundred belong to the same cheerful gigantism as the red sheep, a utopia measured in surplus.

146 **[T]** *Trois cents colibris… six cents oiseaux-mouches:* eighteenth-century French natural history distinguished two families of hummingbird — *colibris* (curve-billed) and *oiseaux-mouches* (straight-billed), a distinction Buffon's *Histoire naturelle* would codify. English has only the one word, so translations flatten Voltaire's flourish of taxonomic precision — three hundred of one kind, six hundred of the other — which is part of the joke: the menu is itemized like a naturalist's inventory.

commerce are paid for by the government.[147]You have fared poorly in this place, because it is a poor village; but everywhere else you will be received as you deserve to be."

Cacambo explained all the host's speeches to Candide, and Candide listened to them with the same wonder and the same bewilderment with which his friend Cacambo rendered them. "What country is this," they said to one another, "unknown to all the rest of the earth, and where the whole of nature is of a kind so different from ours? It is probably the country where all goes well; for there absolutely must be one of that kind. And whatever Master Pangloss might say, I often noticed that things went rather badly in Westphalia."[148]

CHAPTER XVIII
What They Saw in the Country of El Dorado

Cacambo expressed all his curiosity to his host; the host said to him: "I am very ignorant, and am the better for it; but we have here an old man retired from court, who is the most learned man in the kingdom, and the most communicative." At once he takes Cacambo to the old man's house. Candide now played only the second character, and accompanied his valet. They entered a very plain house, for the door was only of silver, and the paneling of the apartments only of gold — but worked with such taste that the richest paneling could not have outshone it. The antechamber, in truth, was encrusted only with rubies and emeralds; but the order in which everything was arranged made ample amends for this extreme simplicity.

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147 **[H]** The free public inn, maintained by the state for the relief of travelers, stands in pointed contrast to every inn, hospice, and magistrate's office Candide has so far encountered — the Dutch innkeepers who demand payment for charity, the Parisian magistrate who fines him for the privilege of being robbed.

148 **[H]** The chapter closes with the travelers' hypothesis stated in Pangloss's own vocabulary: if optimism must be true somewhere, El Dorado is the somewhere. The concession that "there absolutely must be" such a country is the last flicker of the doctrine treated as a logical necessity; the next two chapters test what happens when the necessity is, for once, satisfied.

The old man received the two strangers on a sofa stuffed with hummingbird feathers, and had liqueurs presented to them in diamond vessels; after which he satisfied their curiosity in these terms:

"I am one hundred and seventy-two years old,[149] and I learned from my late father, equerry to the king, of the astonishing revolutions of Peru of which he had been witness. The kingdom where we now are is the ancient homeland of the Incas, who very imprudently left it to go and subjugate one part of the world, and who were in the end destroyed by the Spaniards.

"The princes of their family who remained in their native country were wiser; they ordained, with the consent of the nation, that no inhabitant should ever leave our little kingdom; and this is what has preserved our innocence and our felicity. The Spaniards had some confused knowledge of this country; they called it El Dorado; and an Englishman, named Sir Walter Raleigh, even came near it about a hundred years ago;[150] but as we are surrounded by unscalable rocks and by precipices, we have always been sheltered, until now, from the rapacity of the nations of Europe, who have an inconceivable fury for the pebbles and the mud of our land, and who, to get them, would kill us all to the last man."[151]

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[149] **[H]** *Cent soixante et douze ans:* extreme longevity is a stock feature of utopian literature, and the odd precision of the figure gently parodies the convention. The arithmetic also makes the old man a living archive: born in the 1580s, his father's memories reach back toward the generation of the Spanish conquest — the "astonishing revolutions of Peru" are family history, not legend.

[150] **[H]** Sir Walter Raleigh led two expeditions up the Orinoco in search of El Dorado, in 1595 and 1617, and publicized the quest in *The Discoverie of Guiana* (1596); the second voyage's failure contributed to his execution in 1618. "About a hundred years ago" is loose arithmetic — closer to a hundred and forty when Voltaire wrote — but the name anchors the fantasy to a documented European mania. This is the novel's only named historical treasure-hunter: the man who died for the country Candide is about to walk out of.

[151] **[H]** Le Dorado: the legendary city of gold sought by Spanish conquistadors from the sixteenth century onward, and the object of Sir Walter Raleigh's disastrous Guiana expeditions of 1595 and 1617. By Voltaire's time the name had become a byword for an unattainable fantasy of wealth; Voltaire's joke is to make the fantasy real, and then have his hero walk away from it.

The conversation was long; it turned on the form of government, on manners, on women, on public spectacles, on the arts. At last Candide, who had always had a taste for metaphysics, asked through Cacambo whether the country had a religion.

The old man reddened a little. "How can you doubt it?" said he. "Do you take us for ingrates?" Cacambo humbly asked what the religion of El Dorado was. The old man reddened again. "Can there be two religions?" said he. "We have, I believe, the religion of everyone: we worship God from evening until morning."

"Do you worship only one God?" said Cacambo, who still served as interpreter of Candide's doubts.

"Evidently," said the old man, "there are neither two, nor three, nor four of them.[152] I confess that the people of your world ask very singular questions."

Candide could not tire of having this good old man questioned; he wanted to know how one prayed to God in El Dorado. "We do not pray to Him at all," said the good and respectable sage; "we have nothing to ask of Him; He has given us everything we need; we thank Him without ceasing." Candide had the curiosity to see priests; he had Cacambo ask where they were. The good old man smiled. "My friends," said he, "we are all priests; the king and all the heads of families sing solemn hymns of thanksgiving every morning; and five or six thousand musicians accompany them."[153]

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152 **[H]** *Il n'y en a ni deux, ni trois, ni quatre:* the old man's arithmetic is pointed — "nor three" glances at the Trinity. The whole exchange, conducted through an interpreter and punctuated by the old man's blushes at questions he finds indecent, is Voltaire's deism rendered as etiquette: in El Dorado, theological multiplicity is not heresy but bad manners.

153 **[T]** Nous sommes tous prêtres: "we are all priests." The old man's account of a religion without clergy, dogma, dispute, or persecution is Voltaire's positive program stated as plainly as the satire elsewhere allows — a deist civic worship answerable to nothing but gratitude. It answers, point for point, the auto-da-fé of Chapter VI and the Pope-as-Antichrist quarrel of Chapter III.

"What! You have no monks who teach, who dispute, who govern, who intrigue, and who have people burned when they are not of their opinion?"

"We should have to be mad for that," said the old man; "here we are all of the same opinion, and we do not understand what you mean with your monks." Candide throughout all these speeches remained in ecstasy, and said to himself: "This is very different from Westphalia and from the castle of My Lord the Baron: had our friend Pangloss seen El Dorado, he would no longer have said that the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh was the finest thing on earth; it is certain that one must travel."

After this long conversation, the good old man had a carriage harnessed with six sheep, and gave the two travelers twelve of his servants to conduct them to court. "Excuse me," he said to them, "if my age deprives me of the honor of accompanying you. The king will receive you in a manner with which you will not be displeased, and you will doubtless make allowance for the customs of the country, if there are some that displease you."

Candide and Cacambo climb into the carriage; the six sheep flew, and in less than four hours they arrived at the king's palace, situated at one end of the capital. The portal was two hundred and twenty feet high and one hundred wide; it is impossible to express what material it was made of. One sees well enough what prodigious superiority it must have had over those pebbles and that sand which we call gold and precious stones.[154]

Twenty beautiful girls of the guard received Candide and Cacambo as they alighted from the carriage, conducted them to the baths, and dressed them in robes of a tissue of hummingbird down; after which the grand officers and the grand officeresses of the crown led them to His Majesty's apartment, between two files each of a thousand

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154 **[H]** The measured portal (two hundred and twenty feet by one hundred) followed by the refusal to name its material is the rhetorical figure of outdoing, a utopian convention: beyond gold there is only the unsayable. The narrator's aside — that we call such pebbles "gold and precious stones" — briefly adopts El Dorado's point of view against the reader's.

musicians, according to the ordinary usage. As they drew near the throne room, Cacambo asked a grand officer how one should go about saluting His Majesty: whether one fell on one's knees or flat on one's belly; whether one put one's hands on one's head or on one's backside; whether one licked the dust of the hall — in a word, what the ceremony was.

"The custom," said the grand officer, "is to embrace the king and to kiss him on both cheeks."[155] Candide and Cacambo threw their arms around His Majesty's neck; he received them with all the grace imaginable, and politely invited them to supper.

While they waited, they were shown the city: the public buildings raised to the clouds; the marketplaces adorned with a thousand columns; the fountains of pure water, the fountains of rose-water, and those of sugarcane liqueurs, which flowed continually in great squares paved with a kind of precious stone that gave off a fragrance like that of clove and cinnamon. Candide asked to see the court of justice, the parlement; he was told there was none, and that no one ever went to law. He inquired whether there were prisons, and he was told there were not.[156] What surprised him more, and gave him the most pleasure, was the palace of

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155 [**H]** Cacambo's checklist of prostrations — knees, belly, hands on head or backside, licking the dust — parodies European travelers' accounts of court ceremonial at Constantinople, Isfahan, and Peking, where the kowtow was a running scandal for Western embassies. The El Dorado alternative, an embrace and a kiss on both cheeks, is a quiet republicanism of manners: majesty without liturgy.

156 **[H]** The absence of courts, lawyers, and prisons answers directly to Candide's own recent experience of European law: the Dutch magistrate who billed him for the privilege of filing a complaint (note 164), and, later in the narrative, the casual workings of the Inquisition and the Lisbon auto-da-fé. A society with nothing to litigate is, for Voltaire, very nearly the definition of utopia.

sciences, in which he saw a gallery two thousand paces long, entirely filled with instruments of mathematics and physics.[157]

Having covered, in the course of the whole afternoon, about the thousandth part of the city, they were brought back to the king's. Candide sat down to table between His Majesty, his valet Cacambo, and several ladies. Never was better cheer made, and never was anyone more brilliant at supper than His Majesty. Cacambo explained the king's witticisms to Candide, and even in translation they still seemed witticisms.[158] Of all the things that astonished Candide, this was not what astonished him the least.

They passed a month in this hospitable abode. Candide kept saying to Cacambo: "It is true, my friend, once again, that the castle where I was born is not worth the country where we now are; but after all, Mademoiselle Cunégonde is not here, and you doubtless have some mistress in Europe. If we stay here, we shall only be like everyone else; whereas if we go back to our own world with a mere twelve sheep laden with El Dorado pebbles, we shall be richer than all the kings put together; we shall have no more Inquisitors to fear; and we can easily recover Mademoiselle Cunégonde."[159]

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157 **[H]** The Palace of Sciences and its gallery of mathematical and physical instruments reflect Voltaire's own enthusiasm for Newtonian science, which he had done more than any other writer to popularize in France through his Éléments de la philosophie de Newton (1738). El Dorado is, among other things, a country where natural philosophy is pursued for its own sake, unmolested by the Sorbonne.

158 **[T]** *Quoique traduits, ils paraissaient toujours des bons mots:* "even in translation, they still seemed witticisms." A joke at translation's expense — wit being proverbially the thing translation kills — and a sly self-certificate for a book whose title page claims it is "translated from the German of Doctor Ralph." An edition that is itself a translation restores the line with particular pleasure.

159 **[H]** Candide's decision to leave El Dorado (the only place where optimism is warranted) is the novel's structural pivot. His reasons are desire (for Cunégonde), vanity (the wish to be richer than other kings), and restlessness. Voltaire suggests that human nature is incompatible with utopia.

This speech pleased Cacambo: people so love to rove, to count for something among their own, to make a show of what they have seen in their travels, that the two happy men resolved to be happy no longer, and to ask His Majesty's leave to depart.

"You are doing a foolish thing," the king said to them. "I know very well that my country is not much; but when one is tolerably well off somewhere, one ought to stay there. I certainly have no right to detain foreigners; that is a tyranny which is found neither in our customs nor in our laws: all men are free; leave when you please, but the way out is very difficult. It is impossible to go back up the rapid river by which, by a miracle, you arrived, and which runs under vaults of rock. The mountains that surround my whole kingdom are ten thousand feet high, and as straight as walls; each of them occupies, in breadth, a space of more than ten leagues; one can descend from them only by precipices. However, since you absolutely will go, I shall give orders to the superintendents of machines to make one that can transport you comfortably. When you have been carried to the far side of the mountains, no one will be able to accompany you; for my subjects have made a vow never to leave their enclosure, and they are too wise to break their vow. Ask of me, besides, whatever you please."

"We ask of Your Majesty," said Cacambo, "only a few sheep laden with provisions, with pebbles, and with some of the mud of the country." The king laughed. "I cannot conceive," said he, "what taste your people of Europe have for our yellow mud; but carry away as much of it as you will, and much good may it do you."

He gave orders on the spot to his engineers to make a machine to hoist these two extraordinary men out of the kingdom. Three thousand good physicists worked at it; it was ready in a fortnight, and cost no more than twenty million pounds sterling, the currency of the country.[160] Candide and Cacambo were set upon the machine; there were two great red

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160 **[H]** *Vingt millions de livres sterling, monnaie du pays:* the joke is double. The sum is colossal, and the "currency of the country" is England's — in a land where gold is roadside mud, money can only be named in a foreign tongue. Contemporary readers would also have heard a wink at Britain's commercial supremacy: even utopia keeps its accounts in sterling.

sheep, saddled and bridled, to serve them as mounts once they had cleared the mountains; twenty pack-sheep laden with provisions; thirty carrying presents of whatever the country has that is most curious; and fifty laden with gold, precious stones, and diamonds.[161] The king embraced the two vagabonds tenderly.

Their departure was a fine spectacle, and so was the ingenious manner in which they were hoisted, they and their sheep, to the top of the mountains. The physicists took leave of them after setting them in safety; and Candide had no other desire and no other object than to go and present his sheep to Mademoiselle Cunégonde. "We have," said he, "enough to pay the Governor of Buenos Aires — if, that is, a price can be set on Mademoiselle Cunégonde. Let us march toward Cayenne, and take ship there; and then we shall see what kingdom we can buy."[162]

CHAPTER XIX

What Happened to Them at Surinam, and How Candide Made the Acquaintance of Martin

The first day's journey of our two travelers was pleasant enough. They were encouraged by the idea of possessing more treasures than all of Asia, Europe, and Africa could gather together. Candide, transported with joy, carved the name of Cunégonde on the trees. On the second day, two of their sheep sank into marshes and were swallowed up with their loads; two others died of exhaustion some days later; seven or eight then perished of hunger in a desert; others fell from precipices after a few more days. At last, after a hundred days of travel, they had

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161 **[H]** The caravan is counted out with actuarial care — two saddle sheep, twenty of provisions, thirty of presents, fifty of treasure — so that the next chapter can perform the subtraction. Of the hundred-odd sheep that leave El Dorado, two survive the first hundred days; the inventory exists to be lost.

162 **[T]** *Quel royaume acheter*: "what kingdom we can buy." The casual plan to purchase a kingdom with El Dorado's wealth captures both Candide's naiveté and the eighteenth-century reality that kingdoms were, in effect, bought and sold.

only two sheep left. Candide said to Cacambo: "My friend, you see how the riches of this world are perishable; there is nothing solid but virtue and the happiness of seeing Mademoiselle Cunégonde again."

"I grant it," said Cacambo, "but we still have two sheep with more treasure than the King of Spain will ever have, and I can see in the distance a city that I suspect is Surinam,[163] which belongs to the Dutch. We are at the end of our troubles and the beginning of our happiness."

As they drew near the city, they encountered a negro lying on the ground, wearing only half his clothing, that is, a pair of blue canvas drawers. The poor man was missing his left leg and his right hand.[164]

"Good God!" said Candide to him in Dutch, "what are you doing here, my friend, in this horrible condition?"

"I am waiting for my master, Monsieur Vanderdendur,[165] the famous merchant," replied the negro.

"Was it Monsieur Vanderdendur who treated you this way?" said Candide.

"Yes, sir," said the negro, "it is the custom. They give us a pair of canvas drawers twice a year for all our clothing. When we work in the sugar mills and the millstone catches our fingers, they cut off our hand; when

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[163] **[H]** *Surinam*: a Dutch colony in South America, a center of the sugar trade and slave labor.

[164] **[H]** The encounter with the mutilated slave is the moral center of *Candide*. Everything in the novel leads to and away from this moment. The slave's calm, factual account of his condition (devoid of self-pity or philosophical argument) constitutes the most powerful evidence against optimism in the book.

[165] **[H]** *Vanderdendur*: a mock-Dutch name, possibly from *van der dansen* (to dance) or suggesting *vendeur* (seller). The name has been associated with a Dutch publisher, Van Duren, with whom Voltaire had business disputes, but it functions primarily as a type-name for the exploitative merchant.

we try to run away, they cut off a leg. Both these things have happened to me. This is the price at which you eat sugar in Europe.[166] Yet when my mother sold me for ten Patagonian crowns on the coast of Guinea, she said to me: 'My dear child, bless our fetishes, worship them always, they will make you live happily; you have the honor of being a slave to our lords the white men, and by this you are making the fortune of your father and mother.' Alas! I do not know whether I made their fortune, but they certainly did not make mine. Dogs, monkeys, and parrots are a thousand times less miserable than we are. The Dutch fetishes[167] who converted me tell me every Sunday that we are all children of Adam, whites and blacks alike. I am no genealogist; but if these preachers speak the truth, we are all second cousins. Now, you must agree that no one could treat his relatives in a more horrible fashion."[168]

"O Pangloss!" cried Candide. "This is an abomination you had not foreseen; this is too much. I shall have to renounce your optimism at last."

"What is optimism?" said Cacambo.

"Alas!" said Candide, "it is the mania for maintaining that all is well

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166 **[H]** *C'est à ce prix que vous mangez du sucre en Europe*: "This is the price at which you eat sugar in Europe." This single sentence has become one of the most quoted lines in French literature and one of the earliest and most powerful literary indictments of the Atlantic slave trade. It establishes a direct causal chain between European consumption and colonial atrocity, anticipating arguments that would take another century to become politically mainstream.

167 **[H]** *Les fétiches hollandais*: "the Dutch fetishes," the slave uses the word his mother used for African religious objects (*fétiches*) to describe Dutch Protestant missionaries, collapsing the European distinction between "true religion" and "superstition."

168 **[H]** The slave's speech deserves particular attention for its rhetorical structure. It moves from factual description (the custom of amputation), through ironic personal history (his mother's naively optimistic speech), to devastating theological argument (if we are all children of Adam, slavery is fratricide). The slave is the novel's most effective philosopher — precisely because he does not philosophize. He merely describes.

when one is suffering."[169]

And he shed tears as he looked at his negro; and he entered Surinam weeping.

The first thing they inquired about was whether there was not some vessel in the port that could be sent to Buenos Aires. The man they addressed happened to be a Spanish shipmaster, who offered to strike an honest bargain with them. He arranged to meet them at an inn. Candide and the faithful Cacambo went there to wait for him, with their two sheep.

Candide, who wore his heart on his lips, told the Spaniard all his adventures, and confessed to him that he meant to carry off Mademoiselle Cunégonde. "I shall take good care not to carry you to Buenos Aires," said the shipmaster; "I should be hanged, and so would you. The beautiful Cunégonde is His Lordship's favorite mistress." This was a thunderbolt for Candide; he wept a long while; at last he drew Cacambo aside. "Here, my dear friend," said he, "is what you must do. We each have in our pockets five or six millions' worth of diamonds; you are cleverer than I am; go and take Mademoiselle Cunégonde out of Buenos Aires. If the Governor makes any difficulties, give him a million; if he does not give way, give him two;[170] you have killed no Inquisitor, no one will distrust you. I will fit out another ship; I will go and wait for you at Venice; it is a free country, where one has nothing

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169 **[H]** *La rage de soutenir que tout est bien quand on est mal*: "the mania for maintaining that all is well when one is suffering." This is Candide's most concise definition of optimism, and arguably Voltaire's thesis statement for the entire novel. It comes not in a theoretical discussion but in direct response to an enslaved man's testimony.

170 **[H]** "Give him a million; if he does not give way, give him two": Candide's bribery instructions, doubling without a flicker, mirror in advance Vanderdendur's escalating fare on the next page — ten, twenty, thirty thousand, each met without protest. In Surinam every price is an experiment on how much the other man will bear; Candide runs the experiment as buyer and victim in the same chapter.

to fear from Bulgars, or Abars, or Jews, or Inquisitors."[171] Cacambo applauded this wise resolution. He was in despair at parting from a good master who had become his intimate friend; but the pleasure of being useful to him prevailed over the grief of leaving him. They embraced, shedding tears. Candide charged him not to forget the good old woman. Cacambo set off that very day: he was a very good man, that Cacambo.

Candide stayed on some time longer in Surinam, waiting for another shipmaster willing to carry him to Italy, him and the two sheep that remained to him. He hired servants and bought everything necessary for a long voyage; at last Monsieur Vanderdendur, master of a large vessel, came and presented himself.[172] "How much do you want," he asked this man, "to take me straight to Venice — myself, my people, my baggage, and these two sheep?" The master agreed on ten thousand piastres. Candide did not hesitate.

"Oh! oh!" said the prudent Vanderdendur to himself, "this stranger gives ten thousand piastres at one stroke! He must be very rich." Then, coming back a moment later, he gave notice that he could not sail for less than twenty thousand. "Very well! you shall have them," said Candide.

"My word!" the merchant said softly to himself, "this man gives twenty thousand piastres as easily as ten thousand." He came back again, and said he could not take him to Venice for less than thirty thousand piastres. "Then you shall have thirty thousand," replied Candide.

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171 **[H]** Venice enjoyed a European reputation as a republic hospitable to strangers of every faith and none — the reputation Martin will qualify in Chapter XXI ("good only for Venetian nobles"). Note what Candide's list of things not to be feared there amounts to: Bulgars, Abars, Jews, Inquisitors — his autobiography compressed into four nouns.

172 **[H]** This is the same name Voltaire gave the sugar planter a few pages earlier, and almost certainly not by accident. Both Vanderdendurs are mercantile, Dutch, and casually cruel; both extract a fortune from other men's suffering. The name itself is a satirical portrait of the Dutch bookseller Johannes van Duren, who in 1740 refused to return a manuscript of Frederick of Prussia's that Voltaire had been sent to retrieve, printing it instead without authorization. Voltaire's grudge against Van Duren outlived the original dispute by nearly twenty years.

"Oh! oh!" said the Dutch merchant to himself once more, "thirty thousand piastres cost this man nothing; no doubt the two sheep are carrying immense treasures; let us press no further: first let us have the thirty thousand paid, and then we shall see."[173] Candide sold two little diamonds, the lesser of which was worth more than everything the shipmaster was asking. He paid him in advance. The two sheep were taken aboard. Candide was following in a little boat, to join the vessel in the roadstead; the master seizes his moment, sets sail, weighs anchor; the wind favors him. Candide, bewildered and stupefied, soon loses sight of him. "Alas!" he cried, "there is a trick worthy of the old world." He returns to shore, sunk in grief; for after all, he had lost enough to make the fortunes of twenty monarchs.

He betakes himself to the Dutch magistrate; and as he was a little agitated, he knocks loudly at the door; he goes in, sets forth his adventure, and cries out a little louder than was proper. The magistrate began by fining him ten thousand piastres for the noise he had made. Then he listened to him patiently, promised to examine his case as soon as the merchant should return, and had himself paid another ten thousand piastres for the costs of the hearing.[174]

This proceeding completed Candide's despair; he had, it is true, endured misfortunes a thousand times more painful; but the cold-bloodedness of the magistrate, and of the shipmaster who had robbed him, inflamed his bile and plunged him into a black melancholy. The wickedness of men presented itself to his mind in all its ugliness; he fed only on gloomy thoughts. At last, a French vessel being on the point of leaving for Bordeaux, since he had no more diamond-laden

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173 **[H]** The captain's arithmetic, ten thousand, then twenty, then thirty, each demand met without protest, mirrors the earlier scenes of reasoning by accumulation that run throughout the novel: greed escalates exactly as fast as the victim's apparent ability to pay. Voltaire gives the joke three full beats before the swindle lands, the better to make the betrayal sting.

174 **[H]** The magistrate's double extraction, a fine for the noise of the complaint, a fee for the privilege of being heard, repeats the novel's running argument that institutions of law and religion alike tend to monetize suffering rather than relieve it. Compare the auto-da-fé or the Jesuit fathers of Paraguay: in each case those charged with administering justice or salvation extract a toll from the very people who come to them for it.

sheep to put aboard, he hired a cabin at the fair price, and gave notice in the town that he would pay the passage and the board, and give two thousand piastres besides, to an honest man who would make the voyage with him — on condition that this man should be the most disgusted with his own condition, and the most unhappy man in the province.[175]

A crowd of applicants presented themselves such as a fleet could not have held. Candide, wishing to choose among the likeliest, singled out some twenty persons who seemed sociable enough, and every one of whom claimed to deserve the preference. He gathered them at his inn and gave them supper, on condition that each should swear to relate his history faithfully; promising to choose the one who should seem to him the most to be pitied and the most discontented with his condition with the best cause, and to give the others some small consideration.

The sitting lasted until four o'clock in the morning. Candide, as he listened to all their adventures, remembered what the old woman had said to him on the voyage to Buenos Aires, and the wager she had made — that there was no one on board the ship to whom very great misfortunes had not happened. He thought of Pangloss at every adventure that was related to him. "That Pangloss," said he, "would be hard put to it to demonstrate his system. I wish he were here. Certainly, if all goes well, it is in El Dorado, and not in the rest of the earth."[176] At last he decided in favor of a poor scholar who had worked ten years for the booksellers of Amsterdam. He judged that there was no trade

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175 **[H]** This advertisement repeats, almost as a formal experiment, the wager the Old Woman proposed to Cunégonde aboard the ship to Buenos Aires: find a single soul who has not cursed his own existence. Candide is no longer merely living through the question of whether suffering is universal; he is now testing it, deliberately, with a notice posted in town and a cash prize attached.

176 **[H]** Candide's midnight reflection — "if all goes well, it is in El Dorado, and not in the rest of the earth" — is the precise, sober conclusion of the utopian episode: optimism survives as geography. The doctrine is no longer false, merely elsewhere. The auction of miseries that produces Martin is the old woman's shipboard wager (Chapter XII) converted into a formal experiment with a cash prize; your note 164 makes this point and should stand.

in the world with which one ought to be more disgusted.[177]

This scholar, who was moreover a good man, had been robbed by his wife, beaten by his son, and abandoned by his daughter, who had got herself carried off by a Portuguese. He had just been deprived of a small post on which he subsisted; and the preachers of Surinam were persecuting him because they took him for a Socinian. It must be admitted that the others were at least as unhappy as he; but Candide hoped that the scholar would relieve his boredom on the voyage. All his other rivals found that Candide was doing them a great injustice; but he quieted them by giving each of them a hundred piastres.

CHAPTER XX

What Happened to Candide and Martin at Sea

The old scholar, whose name was Martin, embarked with Candide for Bordeaux. Both had seen much and suffered much; and even if the ship had been sailing from Surinam to Japan by way of the Cape of Good Hope, they would have had matter enough for discussing moral and physical evil during the entire voyage.[178]

Candide, however, had one great advantage over Martin: he still hoped to see Mademoiselle Cunégonde again, whereas Martin had nothing to hope for. Moreover, Candide had gold and diamonds; and though he had lost a hundred big red sheep loaded with the greatest treasures on earth, though the knavery of the Dutch shipmaster still weighed on his

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[177] **[H]** Voltaire had his own long history with the Amsterdam and Dutch book trade, plagued for decades by pirated editions, mangled reprints, and publishers who treated his manuscripts as their own property. Martin's ten years of disgust in that trade reads as something closer to autobiography than invention.

[178] **[H]** The opening of this chapter establishes Martin as the counter philosopher to Pangloss. Where Pangloss sees evidence for optimism in every catastrophe, Martin sees evidence for pessimism. Voltaire's point, developed through the remaining chapters, is that both are equally dogmatic.

mind, yet when he thought of what remained in his pockets, and when he spoke of Cunégonde, especially at the end of a meal, he inclined toward the system of Pangloss.

"But you, Monsieur Martin," he said to the scholar, "what do you think of all that? What is your view of moral and physical evil?"

"Sir," replied Martin, "my priests accused me of being a Socinian;[179] but the truth of the matter is that I am a Manichaean."[180]

"You are joking," said Candide. "There are no Manichaeans left in the world."

"There is myself," said Martin. "I do not know what to do about it, but I cannot think any other way."

"You must be possessed by the Devil," said Candide.

"He is so deeply involved in the affairs of this world," said Martin, "that he might well be inside me, as he is everywhere else; but I confess that when I survey this globe, or rather this globule, I think that God has abandoned it to some malevolent being — with the exception of El Dorado, of course. I have scarcely seen a town that did not wish the destruction of the next town, no family that did not wish to exterminate some other family. Everywhere the weak loathe the powerful before whom they grovel, and the powerful treat them like flocks of sheep whose wool and flesh are for sale. A million regimented assassins, roaming from one end of Europe to the other, practice murder and robbery in a disciplined fashion to earn their bread, because there is no more honest occupation; and in the cities that seem to enjoy peace and where the arts flourish, men are devoured by more envy,

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[179] **[H]** *Socinien*: a follower of Faustus Socinus, who denied the Trinity and original sin. Socinianism was considered a grave heresy by both Catholic and Protestant authorities.

[180] **[H]** *Manichéen*: a follower of the ancient dualist religion founded by Mani (third century), which posited that the universe is governed by two opposing principles, one good and one evil. In eighteenth-century usage, "Manichaean" suggested anyone who believed evil was a fundamental and irreducible feature of existence, not merely a temporary deviation from divine goodness.

cares, and anxieties than a besieged town suffers plagues. Secret griefs are even more cruel than public miseries. In a word, I have seen so much, and experienced so much, that I am a Manichaean."[181]

"Yet there is some good in the world," said Candide.

"That may be," said Martin, "but I am not aware of it."

In the middle of this dispute, they heard the sound of cannon. The noise redoubled every moment. Each man took his telescope. They saw two ships fighting at a distance of about three miles; the wind brought both of them so close to the French ship that they had the pleasure of watching the combat at their ease. At last one of the two vessels fired a broadside into the other so low and so true that it sent her to the bottom. Candide and Martin clearly saw a hundred men on the deck of the sinking ship; they all raised their hands to Heaven and uttered appalling cries; in a moment all were swallowed up.

"Well," said Martin, "that is how men treat one another."

"It is true," said Candide, "there is something diabolical in this business."

As he was speaking, he noticed something of a bright red swimming near the ship. They lowered the longboat to see what it might be: it was one of his sheep. Candide felt more joy at recovering this one sheep than he had felt grief at losing the hundred, all laden with large El Dorado diamonds.

The French captain soon observed that the captain of the victorious ship was a Spaniard, and that the captain of the sunken ship was a Dutch pirate; it was the very one who had robbed Candide. The immense riches that the scoundrel had stolen were buried with him in the sea, and only a single sheep was saved.

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[181] **[H]** Martin's speech is the most sustained articulation of pessimism in the novel. Its rhetorical power lies in its empirical method: Martin, like the Old Woman and the Surinam slave, argues from observation rather than theory. Yet Voltaire signals Martin's limitation: his pessimism is as systematic and as rigid as Pangloss's optimism.

"You see," said Candide to Martin, "crime is sometimes punished; this villain of a Dutch shipmaster met the fate he deserved."

"Yes," said Martin, "but was it necessary that the other passengers on the ship should perish too? God punished the thief; the Devil drowned the others."[182]
Meanwhile the French ship and the Spanish ship continued on their courses, and Candide continued his conversations with Martin. They argued without interruption for fifteen days, and at the end of fifteen days they were as far advanced as on the first. But after all, they were talking, they were communicating ideas to each other, they were consoling each other. Candide caressed his sheep. "Since I have found you again," he said, "I may well find Cunégonde."

CHAPTER XXI

Candide and Martin Approach the Coast of France, and Reason Together

At last they sighted the coast of France. "Have you ever been to France, Monsieur Martin?" said Candide.

"Yes," said Martin, "I have traveled through several of its provinces. There are some where half the inhabitants are mad, others where they are too cunning, still others where they are quite gentle and quite stupid, and others where they put on airs; and in all of them, the principal occupation is lovemaking, the second slander, and the third talking nonsense."

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[182] **[H]** *Dieu a puni le fripon; le diable a noyé les autres*: "God punished the thief; the Devil drowned the others." Martin's witticism captures his dualist philosophy in a single sentence. Candide wants the shipwreck to demonstrate cosmic justice; Martin points out that the innocent perished along with the guilty.

"But, Monsieur Martin, have you seen Paris?"

"Yes, I have seen Paris; it partakes of all these categories. It is a chaos, a crowd in which everyone seeks pleasure and where almost no one finds it, at least so far as I could see. I stayed there only a short time; on my arrival I was robbed of everything I had by pickpockets at the Saint-Germain fair.[183] I myself was taken for a thief and spent eight days in prison; after which I worked as a printer's proofreader to earn enough to return on foot to Holland. I came to know the scribbling rabble, the intriguing rabble, and the convulsionary rabble.[184] They say there are very polite people in that city; I am willing to believe it."

"For my part, I have no curiosity to see France," said Candide. "You can easily understand that when one has spent a month in El Dorado, one cares to see nothing else on earth but Mademoiselle Cunégonde. I am going to wait for her in Venice; we shall cross France on the way to Italy; will you come with me?"

"Very gladly," said Martin. "They say Venice is only good for Venetian nobles, but that foreigners are nevertheless well received when they have plenty of money. I have none; you have; I will follow you anywhere."

"By the way," said Candide, "do you believe that the earth was originally a sea, as is asserted in that big book belonging to the captain of the ship?"[185]

"I believe nothing of the sort," said Martin, "any more than I believe all the other fantasies they have been peddling to us for some time."

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183 **[H]** *La foire Saint-Germain*: the annual fair held in the Faubourg Saint-Germain in Paris, a center of commerce and entertainment but also notorious for petty crime.

184 **[H]** *La canaille convulsionnaire*: the Convulsionnaires of Saint Médard, a movement of Jansenist mystics who exhibited violent physical convulsions they attributed to divine grace. Voltaire despised the movement as fanatical superstition.

185 **[H]** *Ce gros livre qui appartient au capitaine du vaisseau*: the "big book" is the Bible, referred to obliquely. The question about the earth originally being a sea alludes to the Genesis creation narrative. Martin's dismissal is characteristically blunt.

"But for what purpose was this world formed?" said Candide.

"To drive us mad," replied Martin.

"Are you not quite astonished," continued Candide, "at the love those two girls in the Oreillons' country had for those two monkeys, the story of which I told you?"

"Not at all," said Martin. "I do not see what is strange about that passion; I have seen so many extraordinary things that nothing seems extraordinary to me any longer."

"Do you believe," said Candide, "that men have always massacred one another as they do today? That they have always been liars, cheats, traitors, ingrates, brigands, weaklings, turncoats, cowards, enviers, gluttons, drunkards, misers, schemers, cutthroats, slanderers, debauchees, fanatics, hypocrites, and fools?"

"Do you believe," said Martin, "that hawks have always eaten pigeons when they find them?"

"Yes, without doubt," said Candide.

"Well then," said Martin, "if hawks have always had the same nature, why should you expect that men have changed theirs?"

"Oh," said Candide, "there is a great difference, for free will —" Reasoning thus, they arrived at Bordeaux.[186]

CHAPTER XXII

What Happened to Candide and Martin in France

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[186] **[H]** The chapter ends with Candide's attempt to invoke free will being cut off by their arrival, just as Pangloss's argument about free will was cut off by the Inquisitor's agent in Chapter V. Voltaire repeatedly silences the philosophical argument about free will with the brute fact of physical circumstances.

[V4] This chapter underwent the most substantial revision between the 1759 and 1761 editions. The original version was much shorter; the duc de La Vallière, among others, judged the Paris episode weak, and Voltaire expanded it greatly in 1761. The principal additions — marked at note 197 — are the passage on the actress and the burial of players, the Fréron attack, and the entire evening at the Marquise de Parolignac's: the faro table, the literary supper, and the scene in her private room. The 1761 title page advertised the new material as "additions found in the Doctor's pocket when he died at Minden." The translation below follows the 1761 revised text, which all subsequent authorized editions reproduce; Morize's 1913 critical edition collates the two versions in detail.

Candide stopped in Bordeaux only long enough to sell a few El Dorado pebbles and to equip himself with a good two-seated carriage, for he could no longer do without his philosopher Martin. He was only very sorry to part from his sheep, which he left to the Academy of Sciences in Bordeaux.[187] The Academy proposed as that year's prize subject the question of why this sheep's wool was red; and the prize was awarded to a scholar from the North, who proved by A plus B minus C divided by Z that the sheep must be red, and must die of the sheep-pox.[188]

However, all the travelers Candide met at the inns along the road said to him: "We are going to Paris." This general eagerness at last gave him a desire to see that capital; it was not much of a detour from the road to Venice.

He entered by the Faubourg Saint-Marceau,[189] and thought he was in the ugliest village of Westphalia.

Scarcely was Candide in his inn when he was attacked by a slight illness

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[187] **[H]** Voltaire satirizes the French Academy of Sciences, suggesting that its prize competitions dealt with absurdly trivial questions.

[188] **[H]** The mock-scientific proof (by "A plus B minus C divided by Z") that the sheep must be red and must die of disease parodies the pretensions of mathematical reasoning applied to natural phenomena. The passage echoes the rationalist excesses of Pangloss.

[189] **[H]** *Faubourg Saint-Marceau*: one of the poorest quarters of Paris. Voltaire's comparison of it to the "ugliest village of Westphalia" connects Paris to the false paradise of the opening chapter.

caused by exhaustion. As he wore an enormously large diamond on his finger, and a prodigiously heavy strongbox had been noticed among his baggage, he immediately had at his side two doctors he had not sent for, some intimate friends who would not leave him, and two pious ladies who warmed his broth.[190] Martin said: "I remember being ill in Paris on my first visit too; I was very poor, so I had no friends, no pious ladies, and no doctors, and I recovered."

However, by dint of medicines and bloodlettings, Candide's illness became serious. A local clergyman came to ask him politely for a note payable to the bearer in the other world;[191] Candide would have nothing to do with it. The pious ladies assured him it was a new fashion; Candide replied that he was not a fashionable man. Martin wanted to throw the clergyman out of the window. The cleric swore that Candide would not be given a Christian burial. Martin swore that he would bury the cleric if he continued to bother them. The quarrel grew heated; Martin took him by the shoulders and pushed him out bodily, which caused a great scandal, about which a legal report was drawn up.

Candide recovered, and during his convalescence he had very good company to supper with him. They gambled for high stakes. Candide was quite surprised that he never held any aces; Martin was not surprised at all.[192]

Among those who did the honors of the city for Candide was a little

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[190] **[H]** The scene of Candide's illness (attracting doctors, friends, and charitable ladies only because of his visible wealth) is a miniature social satire that parallels Jacques the Anabaptist's observation in Chapter IV about the impossibility of medical care without money.

[191] **[H]** *Un billet payable au porteur pour l'autre monde*: a "note payable to the bearer in the other world," i.e., a certificate of confession, which was required in Paris for a Christian burial. This practice, enforced by the archbishop of Paris in the 1750s, was a source of great controversy and a target of Voltaire's anticlerical satire.

[192] **[H]** The gambling scene satirizes Parisian high society's predatory treatment of wealthy foreigners. Candide's inability to draw aces suggests the game is rigged.

abbé from Périgord,[193] one of those busy, eager, fawning, obliging people, always alert, always ready to serve, brazen, caressing, accommodating, who lie in wait for strangers passing through, tell them the scandals of the town, and offer them pleasures at every price. This one first took Candide and Martin to the theater. A new tragedy was being played.[194] Candide found himself seated next to some clever wits. This did not prevent him from weeping at perfectly played scenes. One of the reasoners beside him said during an intermission: "You are quite wrong to weep; this actress is very bad, the actor playing opposite her is even worse, the play is even worse than the actors. The author does not know a word of Arabic, and yet the scene is set in Arabia;[195] moreover he is a man who does not believe in innate ideas. I will bring you tomorrow twenty pamphlets written against him."

"Sir, how many plays have been written in France?" Candide asked the Abbé. "Five or six thousand," was the reply.

"That is a lot," said Candide. "How many of those are good?"

"Fifteen or sixteen," replied the other.

"That is a lot," said Martin.[196]

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193 **[T]** *Un petit abbé périgourdin*: the Périgordian Abbé is one of Voltaire's most contemptible characters, a social parasite who uses his clerical status to gain access to wealthy visitors and then fleeces them. Daniel Gordon's translation suggests a homosexual dimension to his relationship with Candide, a reading Wootton accepts.

194 **[H]** Voltaire uses the theater visit to satirize French dramatic criticism, which he knew intimately from his own career as a playwright.

195 **[H]** The critic's complaint that the playwright does not know Arabic but sets his play in Arabia is often read as Voltaire's self-mockery, since he had been criticized on similar grounds for some of his own tragedies.

196 **[H]** The exchange about French plays ("Five or six thousand" / "That is a lot" / "Fifteen or sixteen" / "That is a lot") is a perfect comic miniature. The same phrase means opposite things in Candide's and Martin's mouths: too many plays exist, and too few are good. The repetition creates an effect that is simultaneously funny and philosophically pointed.

Candide was very pleased with an actress who played Queen Elizabeth in a rather flat tragedy that is still performed from time to time.[197] "That actress," he said to Martin, "pleases me greatly; she has a false air of Mademoiselle Cunégonde; I should be very glad to pay her my respects." The Périgordian Abbé offered to introduce him at her house. Candide, brought up in Germany, asked what the etiquette was, and how queens of England were treated in France. "One must distinguish," said the Abbé: "in the provinces, one takes them to a tavern; in Paris, they are respected while they are beautiful, and thrown on the refuse-heap when they are dead."

"Queens on the refuse-heap!" said Candide.

"Yes, truly," said Martin; "the Abbé is right: I was in Paris when Mademoiselle Monime passed, as they say, from this life to the other; she was refused what these people call the honors of burial — that is to say, the honor of rotting with all the beggars of the quarter in an ugly cemetery; she was buried alone, apart from all her company, at the corner of the Rue de Bourgogne; which must have pained her extremely, for her mind was very noble."[198]

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197 **[V]** The long insertion Voltaire made in 1761 begins at this point, per Morize's collation, and runs through the scene in the Marquise's private room: the actress and the burial of players, the Fréron passage, and the entire evening at the Parolignac house — the faro table, the literary supper, and the garter — were all added in the revision, which is why the chapter's satire of Paris suddenly deepens here. The false letter and the arrest that close the chapter already stood in 1759, written while the Damiens affair (see note 210) was fresh. **[H]** The "rather flat tragedy" in which a queen of England figures is usually identified as *Le Comte d'Essex* (1678) by Thomas Corneille — a rival house's warhorse, still in repertory, and fair game.

198 **[H]** *Monime* is the heroine of Racine's *Mithridate*; the actress meant is Adrienne Lecouvreur (1692–1730), who made her Comédie-Française debut in the role and was the greatest tragedienne of her age. Because actors lay under the Church's excommunication, she was refused Christian burial and interred at night in unconsecrated ground near the rue de Bourgogne. Voltaire, who had been at her deathbed, wrote a furious poem on her death contrasting French bigotry with England, which had just buried the actress Anne Oldfield in Westminster Abbey. The grievance was thirty years old when he wrote this page, and evidently undimmed: the Abbé's epigram — respected while beautiful, refuse-heap when dead — is Voltaire's own case for the prosecution.

"That was most impolite," said Candide.

"What would you have?" said Martin; "these people are made so. Imagine every contradiction, every possible incompatibility: you will see them all in the government, in the courts, in the churches, in the spectacles of this odd nation."

"Is it true that people are always laughing in Paris?" said Candide.

"Yes," said the Abbé, "but it is with rage in their hearts; for here people complain of everything with great bursts of laughter; and laughing, they even commit the most detestable actions."

"Who," said Candide, "is that fat swine who was saying so much ill to me of the play at which I wept so much, and of the actors who gave me so much pleasure?"

"He is a walking pestilence," replied the Abbé, "who earns his living by speaking ill of every play and of every book; he hates whoever succeeds, as eunuchs hate those who enjoy: he is one of those serpents of literature who feed on filth and venom; he is a folliculaire."

"What do you call a folliculaire?" said Candide.

"A scribbler of news-sheets," said the Abbé — "a Fréron."[199]

It was thus that Candide, Martin, and the Périgordian reasoned on the staircase, watching the world file past on its way out of the play. "Although I am most impatient to see Mademoiselle Cunégonde again," said Candide, "I should nevertheless like to sup with

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199 **[H][T]** *Folliculaire* is Voltaire's coinage — from Latin *folium,* a leaf or sheet: a hack who lives by periodical sheets — and this sentence put the word into the French language, where it remains. Élie Catherine Fréron (1718–1776), editor of the *Année littéraire* and Voltaire's most persistent critical enemy, is then named outright, converting the general satire of criticism into a personal settling of scores; Voltaire pursued him for decades, most famously in the epigram about the serpent that bit Fréron — and died of it.

Mademoiselle Clairon; for she seemed to me admirable."[200]

The Abbé was not a man to approach Mademoiselle Clairon, who saw only good company. "She is engaged for this evening," he said; "but I shall have the honor of taking you to the house of a lady of quality, and there you will come to know Paris as if you had lived in it four years."

Candide, who was naturally curious, let himself be taken to the lady's house, at the far end of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré; the company there was busy at faro; twelve melancholy punters each held in his hand a little book of cards, the dog-eared register of his misfortunes. A profound silence reigned; pallor sat on the brows of the punters, anxiety on the banker's; and the lady of the house, seated beside that pitiless banker, marked with lynx's eyes every paroli, every trumped-up seven-and-the-go, by which each player turned down the corner of his cards; she had the corners uncreased with a severe but polite attention, and never lost her temper, for fear of losing her customers.[201] The lady had herself called the Marquise de Parolignac. Her daughter, aged fifteen, was among the punters, and gave notice with a wink of the little cheatings by which these poor people tried to repair the cruelties of fate. The Périgordian Abbé, Candide, and Martin came in; nobody rose, or greeted them, or looked at them; all were profoundly occupied with their cards. "Madame the Baroness of Thunder-ten-tronckh was more civil," said Candide.

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[200] **[H]** Mademoiselle Clairon (Claire-Josèphe Léris, 1723–1803) was the reigning tragic actress of the Comédie-Française and had created leading roles in Voltaire's own plays — including *Tancrède* (1760), very possibly the "new tragedy" of the theater scene above. Candide's wish to sup with her, and the Abbé's inability to procure it ("she saw only good company"), is an in-joke of the 1761 revision: Voltaire compliments his own leading lady by placing her above the reach of swindlers.

[201] **[T]** Faro terms: the *punters* bet against the *banker*; a *paroli* lets a winning stake ride, doubled; a *sept-et-le-va* multiplies it sevenfold; players marked such claims by turning down the corner of a card — hence a "trumped-up" (*de campagne*) seven-and-the-go is a corner folded for a win never actually made. The tableau is thus a closed economy of cheating: the punters fold false corners, the hostess unfolds them "with a severe but polite attention," and nobody is ever accused, for fear of spoiling trade. Her invented name, *Parolignac,* is built on *paroli* — she is named for the wager itself.

Meanwhile the Abbé whispered a word in the ear of the Marquise, who half rose, honored Candide with a gracious smile and Martin with an altogether noble nod of the head; she had a seat and a hand of cards given to Candide, who lost fifty thousand francs in two deals; after which they supped very gaily, and everyone was astonished that Candide was not troubled by his loss; the lackeys said among themselves, in their lackeys' language: "He must be some English milord."

The supper was like most suppers in Paris: first silence; then a noise of words no one can make out; then witticisms, most of them insipid; false news, bad reasoning, a little politics, and a great deal of slander; they even talked of new books. ""Have you read," said the Périgordian Abbé, "the novel of Sieur Gauchat, doctor of theology?"[202]

"Yes," answered one of the guests, "but I could not finish it. We have a crowd of impertinent writings, but all of them together do not come near the impertinence of Gauchat, doctor of theology; I am so surfeited with that immensity of detestable books which floods us that I have taken to punting at faro."

"And the Miscellanies of Archdeacon T——, what do you say of them?" said the Abbé.

"Ah!" said Madame de Parolignac, "the tiresome mortal! How painstakingly he tells you what everyone knows! How heavily he discusses what is not worth the trouble of being lightly remarked! How witlessly he appropriates the wit of others! How he spoils what he pilfers! How he disgusts me! But he shall disgust me no more: it is

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[202] **[H]** Gabriel Gauchat (1709–1774), abbé and author of the interminable *Lettres critiques* against the philosophes. The repetition of "doctor of theology" — twice in one exchange — is the sneer: the degree recited as though it were the offense.

enough to have read a few pages of the Archdeacon."[203]

There was at table a learned man of taste, who supported what the Marquise said. The talk turned next to tragedies; the lady asked why there were tragedies that were performed now and then, and yet could not be read. The man of taste explained very well how a play could have some interest and almost no merit; he proved in few words that it was not enough to contrive one or two of those situations which are found in every novel, and which always win over the spectators; but that one must be new without being bizarre, often sublime, and always natural; know the human heart and make it speak; be a great poet without any character in the play ever seeming to be a poet; know one's language perfectly, speak it with purity, with a continuous harmony, without the rhyme's ever costing anything to the sense. "Whoever," he added, "does not observe all these rules may produce one or two tragedies applauded in the theater, but he will never be counted in the rank of good writers; there are very few good tragedies: some are idylls in dialogue, well written and well rhymed; others, political reasonings that put one to sleep, or amplifications that repel; others again, the dreams of a fanatic, in a barbarous style, broken speeches, long apostrophes to the gods — because the author does not know how to speak to men — false maxims, and bombastic commonplaces."[204]

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[203] **[H]** "Archdeacon T——" is Nicolas-Charles-Joseph Trublet (1697–1770), essayist and compiler, whom Voltaire had already flayed in *Le Pauvre Diable* (1760) as the man who "compiled, compiled, compiled." The initial-and-dash was transparent to contemporaries; the Marquise's tirade — he laboriously tells what everyone knows, appropriates the wit of others, spoils what he pilfers — repeats the charges of the poem almost point for point. The 1761 insertion thus doubles as a current-affairs supplement: Voltaire loading the year's feuds into Candide's Paris.

[204] **[H]** The man of taste's discourse on tragedy is Voltaire's own dramatic criticism placed in a guest's mouth — new without being bizarre, sublime and natural, the rhyme never costing the sense: the standards of his prefaces almost verbatim. The portrait that frames it (one hissed tragedy, one unsold book, dedicated to the hostess) keeps the self-identification deniable. Candide's verdict — "he is another Pangloss" — is the chapter's finest trap: the moment the man is invited to endorse optimism, he refuses it, itemizing instead the "eternal war" of Jansenists, Molinists, parlement, Church, and letters: French society as a system of quarrels.

Candide listened attentively to this speech, and conceived a great idea of the speaker; and as the Marquise had taken care to seat him at her side, he leaned toward her ear and took the liberty of asking who this man was who spoke so well. "He is a learned man," said the lady, "who does not punt, and whom the Abbé sometimes brings to sup at my house; he is a perfect judge of tragedies and of books; he has written a tragedy that was hissed, and a book of which only one copy has ever been seen outside his bookseller's shop — the one he dedicated to me."

"The great man!" said Candide; "he is another Pangloss." Then, turning to him, he said: "Sir, you doubtless think that all is for the best in the physical world and in the moral, and that nothing could be otherwise than it is?"

"I, sir?" replied the learned man; "I think nothing of the kind: I find that everything goes awry with us; that no one knows what his rank is, nor what his office is, nor what he is doing, nor what he ought to do; and that except for supper, which is gay enough and where there appears to be some harmony, all the rest of the time passes in senseless quarrels: Jansenists against Molinists, men of the parlement against men of the Church, men of letters against men of letters, courtiers against courtiers, financiers against the people, wives against husbands, kinsmen against kinsmen; it is one eternal war."

Candide replied to him: "I have seen worse. But a wise man, who has since had the misfortune to be hanged, taught me that all that is admirable: they are shadows on a beautiful picture."

"Your hanged man was mocking the world," said Martin; "your shadows are horrible stains."

"It is men who make the stains," said Candide, "and they cannot help it."

"Then it is not their fault," said Martin.[205] Most of the punters, who understood nothing of this language, were drinking; and Martin reasoned with the learned man, and Candide related a part of his adventures to the lady of the house.

After supper the Marquise took Candide into her private room and seated him on a sofa. "Well!" she said to him, "so you are still desperately in love with Mademoiselle Cunégonde of Thunder-ten-tronckh?"

"Yes, madame," answered Candide. The Marquise replied to him with a tender smile: "You answer me like a young man of Westphalia; a Frenchman would have said: 'It is true that I loved Mademoiselle Cunégonde; but on seeing you, madame, I fear I love her no longer.'"

"Alas! madame," said Candide, "I will answer as you please."

"Your passion for her," said the Marquise, "began when you picked up her handkerchief; I wish you to pick up my garter."

"With all my heart," said Candide; and he picked it up.

"But I wish you to put it on me again," said the lady; and Candide put it on her again.[206]

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[205] **[H]** "Shadows on a beautiful picture" was a genuine commonplace of optimist apologetics — evil as the chiaroscuro that sets off the whole, an image descending from Leibniz's defenders and Pope's *Essay on Man*. Martin's correction, "your shadows are horrible stains," compresses the book's whole argument into two nouns; the three-line exchange that follows (men make the stains — they cannot help it — then it is not their fault) is a complete free-will debate in miniature, ending, as such debates do in this book, nowhere.

[206] **[H]** The garter scene replays the handkerchief scene of Chapter I as farce of experience: there, an innocent kiss and expulsion from Eden; here, a choreographed seduction with a stated tariff ("I make my lovers of Paris languish a fortnight"). The Marquise's claim to be doing "the honors of one's country" applies the vocabulary of hospitality to adultery, and the two diamonds that "pass" from Candide's fingers to hers complete the chapter's economy: in Paris, tenderness is a transaction and admiration a form of billing.

"You see," said the lady, "you are a foreigner; I sometimes make my lovers of Paris languish a fortnight, but I give myself to you the very first night, because one must do the honors of one's country to a young man from Westphalia." The beauty, having caught sight of two enormous diamonds on the two hands of her young foreigner, praised them with such good faith that from Candide's fingers they passed to the fingers of the Marquise.

Candide, on his way home with his Périgordian Abbé, felt some remorse at having been unfaithful to Mademoiselle Cunégonde; the Abbé entered into his distress; he had but a small share in the fifty thousand livres Candide had lost at play, and in the value of the two brilliants half given, half extorted. His design was to profit, as far as he could, from whatever advantages the acquaintance of Candide might procure him. He talked to him a great deal of Cunégonde; and Candide told him that he would beg that fair one's pardon for his infidelity when he saw her at Venice.

The Périgordian redoubled his politeness and his attentions, and took a tender interest in everything Candide said, in everything he did, in everything he wished to do.

"So, sir," he said to him, "you have a rendezvous at Venice?"

"Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé," said Candide; "I absolutely must go and find Mademoiselle Cunégonde." Then, drawn on by the pleasure of talking of what he loved, he related, according to his custom, a part of his adventures with that illustrious Westphalian lady.

"I suppose," said the Abbé, "that Mademoiselle Cunégonde has a great deal of wit, and that she writes charming letters?"

"I have never received any from her," said Candide; "for, you must know, having been driven from the castle for love of her, I could not write to her; soon afterward I learned that she was dead; then I found her again, and then I lost her; and I have sent an express messenger to her, two thousand five hundred leagues from here, whose reply I am

awaiting."

The Abbé listened attentively, and seemed a little pensive. He soon took leave of the two strangers, after embracing them tenderly. The next morning Candide received, on waking, a letter composed in these terms:

"Sir, my very dear lover, I have been lying ill in this city for a week; I learn that you are here. I would fly to your arms if I could stir. I heard of your passing through Bordeaux; I left there the faithful Cacambo and the old woman, who are soon to follow me. The Governor of Buenos Aires took everything, but your heart remains to me. Come; your presence will restore me to life, or will make me die of pleasure."[207]

This charming letter, this unhoped-for letter, transported Candide with an inexpressible joy; and the illness of his dear Cunégonde weighed him down with grief. Torn between these two feelings, he takes his gold and his diamonds, and has himself driven, with Martin, to the hôtel where Mademoiselle Cunégonde was staying. He enters, trembling with emotion; his heart beats, his voice sobs; he wants to open the curtains of the bed, he wants to have a light brought.

"Do no such thing," said the waiting-woman; ""he light kills her"; and quickly she draws the curtain closed again.

"My dear Cunégonde," said Candide, weeping, "how do you feel? If you cannot see me, at least speak to me."

"She cannot speak," said the waiting-woman. The lady then draws from the bed a plump hand, which Candide waters with his tears for a long while, and which he then fills with diamonds, leaving a bag full of gold upon the armchair.

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[207] **[H]** The forged letter is plausible for one reason: Candide supplied every fact in it himself, in his confidences to the Abbé — Bordeaux, Cacambo, the old woman, the Governor's seizure. The joke has a cruel edge: the only letter Candide ever receives from Cunégonde is the one she never wrote.

In the midst of his transports there arrives an exempt, followed by the Périgordian Abbé and a squad of men.[208] "There they are," said he, "those two suspicious foreigners." He has them seized on the spot, and orders his braves to drag them off to prison.

"This is not how travelers are treated in El Dorado," said Candide.

"I am more of a Manichaean than ever," said Martin.

"But, sir, where are you taking us?" said Candide.

"To the lowest depths of a dungeon," said the exempt.[209]

Martin, having recovered his composure, judged that the lady who claimed to be Cunégonde was a cheat, the Périgordian Abbé a cheat who had abused Candide's innocence with all possible speed, and the exempt another cheat, of whom it would be easy to be rid.

Rather than expose himself to the proceedings of justice, Candide, enlightened by this counsel, and impatient as ever to see the real Cunégonde again, offers the exempt three little diamonds of about three thousand pistoles apiece.

"Ah, sir!" said the man with the ivory staff, "had you committed every crime imaginable, you would still be the most honest man in the world. Three diamonds! each worth three thousand pistoles! Sir! I would let myself be killed for you, rather than take you to a dungeon. All

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[208] **[T]** An *exempt* was a plainclothes officer of the Paris police empowered to make arrests on his own authority — a position which, as here, made him a convenient instrument for staged extortion; his badge of office was the ivory-tipped staff by which he is named a few lines below ("the man with the ivory staff"). Voltaire's own brushes with the Paris police inform the precision of the detail. That the Abbé arrives *with* the squad ends any doubt about the evening's authorship.

[209] **[T]** *Dans un cul de basse-fosse:* literally the bottom of the lowest pit — the blind cell beneath a dungeon's floor, entered from above. The *exempt's* four-word itinerary is the whole threat; the price of not going there is named three sentences later.

strangers are being arrested — but leave it to me: I have a brother at Dieppe, in Normandy; I will take you there; and if you have some diamond or other to give him, he will take care of you as I would myself."

"And why are all strangers being arrested?" said Candide. The Périgordian Abbé then spoke up and said: "It is because a beggar from the country of Atrébatie listened to foolish talk: that alone made him commit a parricide — not such a one as that of May 1610, but such as that of December 1594, and such as several others committed in other years and other months by other beggars who had listened to foolish talk."[210]

The exempt then explained what it was all about. "Ah, the monsters!" cried Candide. "What! such horrors, among a people that dances and sings! Can I not leave, this instant, a country where monkeys provoke tigers?[211] I have seen bears in my own country; I have seen men only in El Dorado. In the name of God, sir exempt, take me to Venice, where I am to wait for Mademoiselle Cunégonde."

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[210] **[H]** *Atrébatie* Latinizes Artois, land of the Atrebates, the Gaulish tribe of the region: the "beggar" is Robert-François Damiens, born near Arras, who slightly wounded Louis XV with a penknife on January 5, 1757, and was publicly executed with spectacular cruelty. The parricide "of May 1610" is Ravaillac's assassination of Henri IV; that "of December 1594," Jean Châtel's attempt on the same king — regicide being, in French law, parricide. The Abbé's circumlocutions carry Voltaire's analysis: fanatical talk ("foolish talk" — *des sottises*) produces the knives, and the police answer — arrest all strangers — punishes everyone except the talkers. This passage, present in 1759 when the affair was fresh, is also the plot's machinery: it is under the post-Damiens security measures that Candide and Martin are seized.

[211] **[H]** "A country where monkeys provoke tigers": the dancing, singing people are the monkeys; the fanatics they goad on, the tigers. Candide completes a small bestiary of nations — bears in Westphalia, monkeys and tigers in France, men only in El Dorado — the naïf's zoology doing the work of a political science.

"I can take you only to Lower Normandy," said the barigel.[212] At once he has his irons struck off, says he was mistaken, dismisses his men, takes Candide and Martin to Dieppe, and leaves them in the hands of his brother. There was a little Dutch vessel in the roadstead. The Norman, whom three more diamonds had made the most obliging of men, embarks Candide and his people in the vessel, which was about to sail for Portsmouth in England. It was not the road to Venice; but Candide felt he had been delivered out of hell, and he fully intended to rejoin the road to Venice at the first opportunity.[213]

> ***[V5]*** *Readers comparing editions should note that the false-letter swindle and the arrest already stood in the 1759 text, written while the Damiens affair was fresh; what 1761 added was Paris itself — the theater world, the gaming house, the literary supper, the Marquise. The revision thus changed the chapter's target: from a single confidence trick to a portrait of a society in which the trick is merely the local custom.*

CHAPTER XXIII

Candide and Martin Go to the English Coast; What They See There

"Ah! Monsieur Martin, is France as fine as Italy?" said Candide.

"I do not know," said Martin. "I have not been to Italy either. But I have

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[212] **[T]** *Le barigel:* an Italianism (from *bargello,* a chief of constables) applied without explanation to a French officer — a deliberately wrong note, as though the machinery of arrest belonged to no country in particular. Some editors print *l'exempt* here for consistency; the Garnier text keeps the stranger word, and so does this translation.

[213] **[H]** "It was not the road to Venice": the sentence states the novel's cartography. Candide's itineraries are set by extortion, never by intention — he reaches England because a policeman had a brother at Dieppe. The closing clause, that he "fully intended to rejoin the road to Venice at the first opportunity," is hope keeping its accounts in the middle of a fire-sale of diamonds.

heard that there are some good people there, and some very bad."

"So it is everywhere," said Candide.

"That may be," said Martin.

"What do you think of England?" said Candide.

"It is another kind of madness," said Martin. "You know that these two nations are at war over a few acres of snow near Canada,[214] and that they are spending on this fine war far more than all Canada is worth. To tell you precisely whether there are more people who ought to be locked up in one country than in the other is beyond what my feeble lights allow. I only know that in general the people we are going to see are very gloomy[215]."

Talking thus, they arrived at Portsmouth;[216] a multitude of people covered the shore, attentively watching a rather stout man who was kneeling, his eyes blindfolded, on the deck of one of the fleet's vessels; four soldiers, posted opposite this man, each fired three bullets into his skull as calmly as could be, and the whole crowd went home extremely satisfied.[217]

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214 **[H]** *Quelques arpents de neige vers le Canada*: "a few acres of snow near Canada." Voltaire's famous dismissal of French colonial ambitions in North America has been quoted ever since, often by those who regard it as a colossal misjudgment, since those "few acres" became the vast territory of modern Canada. But Voltaire's point is about the disproportionate cost in lives and treasure, not the intrinsic value of the land.

215 **[H]** Martin's description of the English as "very gloomy" (*atrabilaires*), literally "black-biled," i.e., melancholic, plays on the contemporary European stereotype of English melancholy. Voltaire's brief English chapter concentrates the nation's character into a single act of legalized violence.

216 **[H]** *Portsmouth*: the major British naval port.

217 **[H]** The execution scene is based on the real case of Admiral John Byng, who was court-martialed and shot on March 14, 1757, on the quarterdeck of HMS *Monarch* in Portsmouth harbor. Byng had been found guilty of failing to do his utmost to relieve the British garrison on Minorca during a naval engagement with the French.

"What is all this?" said Candide. "And what demon exercises his dominion everywhere?"

He asked who was the stout man who had just been ceremoniously killed. "An admiral," was the reply.[218]

"And why kill this admiral?"

"Because he did not kill enough people," he was told. "He gave battle to a French admiral, and it was found that he was not close enough to him."

"But," said Candide, "the French admiral was just as far from the English admiral as the English was from the French!"

"That is incontestable," was the reply, "but in this country it is considered a good thing to kill an admiral from time to time, *pour encourager les autres*."[219]

Candide was so dazed and so shocked by what he saw and heard that he would not even set foot on shore, and he bargained with the Dutch captain (even if he should rob him like the one from Surinam) to take him without delay to Venice.

The captain was ready in two days. They skirted the coast of France. They passed within sight of Lisbon, and Candide shuddered. They entered the straits and the Mediterranean. At last they landed at Venice.

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[218] **[H]** Voltaire had personally attempted to intervene on Byng's behalf, sending testimony from the French commander, the Duc de Richelieu, that Byng had fought honorably. The intervention failed; Byng was executed despite widespread feeling that the sentence was unjust. The episode clearly haunted Voltaire.

[219] **[H]** *Pour encourager les autres*: "to encourage the others." This French phrase, applied to the British execution of their own admiral, has become one of the most famous quotations in the English language, often used without knowledge of its origin in *Candide*. Its savage irony epitomizes Voltaire's method: the language of rational encouragement applied to judicial murder.

"God be praised!" said Candide, embracing Martin. "Here is where I shall see the beautiful Cunégonde again. I trust Cacambo as I trust myself. All is well, all goes well, all goes as well as it possibly can."

CHAPTER XXIV

Of Paquette and Friar Giroflée

As soon as he was in Venice, he had Cacambo sought for in every inn, every coffeehouse, and among all the ladies of pleasure; Cacambo was nowhere to be found. Every day he sent out messengers to investigate every ship and every bark that arrived: no news of Cacambo.

"What!" he said to Martin. "I have had time to cross from Surinam to Bordeaux, to go from Bordeaux to Paris, from Paris to Dieppe, from Dieppe to Portsmouth, to skirt the coasts of Portugal and Spain, to cross the entire Mediterranean, to spend a few months in Venice — and the beautiful Cunégonde has not arrived! Instead of her I have met only a trickster and an Abbé from Périgord! Cunégonde is undoubtedly dead, and there is nothing left for me but to die too. Ah! It would have been better to remain in the paradise of El Dorado than to return to this accursed Europe. How right you are, my dear Martin! All is nothing but illusion and calamity."

He fell into a black melancholy and took no part in the opera *alla moda* or in the other amusements of the carnival season; not a single lady tempted him in the slightest. Martin said to him: "You are really very naive to imagine that a half breed valet, with five or six millions in his pockets, would go to the end of the world to find your mistress and bring her to you in Venice. He will take her for himself if he finds her. If he does not find her, he will take another. I advise you to forget your valet Cacambo and your mistress Cunégonde."

Martin was not consoling. Candide's melancholy increased, and Martin never stopped proving to him that there was little virtue and little happiness on earth — except perhaps in El Dorado, where nobody could go.

While arguing about this important matter and waiting for Cunégonde, Candide noticed a young Theatine monk[220] in the Piazza San Marco, arm in arm with a girl. The Theatine looked fresh, plump, vigorous; his eyes were brilliant, his bearing confident, his expression haughty, his step proud. The girl was very pretty and was singing; she gazed lovingly at her Theatine and now and then pinched his chubby cheeks.

"You will at least admit," said Candide to Martin, "that these people are happy. I have found, until now, in the whole habitable earth — except El Dorado — only unfortunates; but as for this girl and this Theatine, I wager they are very happy creatures."

"I wager they are not," said Martin.

"We have only to invite them to dinner," said Candide, "and you shall see."

He immediately accosted them, paid his compliments, and invited them to come to his inn to eat macaroni, Lombardy partridges, and caviar, and to drink Montepulciano, Lacryma Christi, and wines from Cyprus and Samos.[221] The young lady blushed, the Theatine accepted the invitation, and the girl followed him, looking at Candide with eyes of surprise and confusion, clouded by a few tears. Scarcely had she entered Candide's room when she said to him: "What! Monsieur Candide does not recognize Paquette?"[222]

At these words, Candide, who until then had not looked at her closely, because he was preoccupied solely with Cunégonde, said to her: "Alas!

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[220] **[H]** *Théatin*: the Theatines were a religious order of Catholic clergymen founded in 1524 to reform the Church from within. Voltaire's portrayal of Friar Giroflée as a miserable, resentful monk forced into holy orders by his family satirizes the practice of consigning younger sons to the Church.

[221] **[H]** The catalog of wines and delicacies (Montepulciano, Lacryma Christi, Cypriot and Samian wines) establishes Venice as a city of sensuous pleasure, in contrast to the austerity that awaits Candide in the final chapters.

[222] **[H]** Paquette's reappearance connects the novel's beginning to its end: she was the Baroness's chambermaid through whom Pangloss contracted syphilis in Chapter I.

My poor child, so it was you who put Doctor Pangloss in the fine condition I saw him in?"

"Alas, sir, I was the one indeed," said Paquette. "I see you know all about it. I learned of the frightful misfortunes that befell the Baroness's entire household and the beautiful Cunégonde. I swear to you that my own fate has been scarcely less sad. I was very innocent when you knew me. A Franciscan friar who was my confessor easily seduced me. The consequences were terrible; I was obliged to leave the castle a short time after the Baron had driven you out with great kicks to the backside. If a famous doctor had not taken pity on me, I would have died. For a time, out of gratitude, I was this doctor's mistress. His wife, who was madly jealous, beat me pitilessly every day; she was a fury. The doctor was the ugliest of men, and I the most unhappy of creatures, being continually beaten on account of a man I did not love. You know, sir, how dangerous it is for a shrewish woman to be a doctor's wife.[223] This man, enraged by his wife's behavior, one day gave her a medicine for a slight cold that proved so effective that she died of it in two hours, in horrible convulsions. The lady's relations brought a criminal prosecution against the husband; he fled, and I was put in prison. My innocence would not have saved me if I had not been rather pretty. The judge set me free on condition that he replaced the doctor. I was soon supplanted by a rival, turned out without a penny, and obliged to continue this abominable trade that seems so amusing to you men and which for us is nothing but an abyss of misery. I came to Venice to practice this profession. Ah, sir, if you could imagine what it is like to be obliged to caress equally an old merchant, a lawyer, a monk, a gondolier, an abbé; to be exposed to every insult and outrage; to be often reduced to borrowing a petticoat only to have it lifted by some disgusting man; to be robbed by one of what one has earned from the other; to be fleeced by the officers of justice; and to have nothing in prospect but a hideous old age, a hospital, and a dunghill — you would

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223 **[H]** *Vous savez, monsieur, combien il est dangereux pour une femme acariâtre d'être l'épouse d'un médecin*: the aside about the danger of being a doctor's shrewish wife (given that the doctor eventually poisons her) is one of the novel's blackest jokes, narrated with Voltaire's characteristic offhand deadliness.

conclude that I am one of the most unhappy creatures in the world."[224]

Paquette thus opened her heart to the good Candide, in a private room, in the presence of Martin, who said to Candide: "You see, I have already won half my wager."

Friar Giroflée[225] had remained in the dining room, drinking a glass while waiting for dinner.

"But," said Candide to Paquette, "you looked so gay, so happy, when I met you; you were singing, you were caressing the Theatine so naturally; you seemed to me as happy as you claim to be wretched."

"Ah, sir," replied Paquette, "that is one more misery of our profession. Yesterday I was robbed and beaten by an officer, and today I must appear in good humor to please a monk."

Candide had heard enough; he admitted that Martin was right. They sat down to table with Paquette and the Theatine; the meal was fairly amusing, and toward the end they spoke to each other with some frankness.

"Father," said Candide to the monk, "you seem to me to enjoy a fate that everyone must envy; the flower of health shines on your face, your expression proclaims happiness; you have a very pretty girl for your recreation, and you seem very content with your condition as a Theatine."

"Upon my word, sir," said Friar Giroflée, "I wish that all the Theatines were at the bottom of the sea. I have been tempted a hundred times to

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[224] **[H]** Paquette's account of the sex worker's life is the most sustained piece of social realism in the novel. Unlike the Old Woman's epic suffering, Paquette's misery is quotidian, a catalog of daily degradation without the grandeur of royal birth or exotic adventure.

[225] **[H]** *Giroflée*: "gillyflower" or "wallflower," an ironic name for a monk whose existence is anything but blooming.

set fire to the monastery and to go and turn Turk.[226] My parents forced me at the age of fifteen to put on this detestable habit, in order to leave a larger fortune to a cursed elder brother, whom God confound! Jealousy, discord, and fury inhabit our convent. It is true, I have preached a few bad sermons that have earned me a little money, half of which the prior steals from me; the rest I spend on girls. But when I return to the monastery in the evening, I am ready to smash my head against the walls of the dormitory, and all my fellow monks feel the same."

Martin turned to Candide with his customary composure. "Well," he said, "have I not won the whole wager?"

Candide gave two thousand piastres to Paquette and a thousand to Friar Giroflée. "I guarantee you," he said, "that with this they will be happy."

"I do not believe it at all," said Martin. "Perhaps with these piastres you will make them even more unhappy."

"That may be," said Candide, "but one thing consoles me: I see that one often finds people one never expected to find; as I have found my red sheep and Paquette, I may well also find Cunégonde."

"I wish," said Martin, "that she may one day make you happy; but I very much doubt it."

"You are very hard," said Candide.

"I have lived," said Martin.[227]

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[226] **[H]** *Se faire Turc*: "to turn Turk," i.e., to convert to Islam and flee Christendom entirely. The expression was common in the period and implies complete rejection of European Christian society.

[227] **[H]** *J'ai vécu*: "I have lived." Martin's two-word reply is one of the most eloquent moments in the novel. Experience, not philosophy, is his credential — and it is unanswerable.

CHAPTER XXV

Visit to Signor Pococurante, Noble Venetian

Candide and Martin took a gondola on the Brenta canal and arrived at the palace of the noble Pococurante.[228] The gardens were well laid out and adorned with fine marble statues; the palace was beautifully built. The master of the house, a man of sixty and very rich, received the two visitors politely but with very little warmth, which disconcerted Candide and did not displease Martin.

First, two pretty and neatly dressed girls served chocolate, which they whipped to a fine froth. Candide could not refrain from praising their beauty, their grace, and their skill.

"They are good enough creatures," said Senator Pococurante. "I sometimes take them to my bed, for I am very tired of the ladies of the city, their coquetries, their jealousies, their quarrels, their humors, their pettiness, their pride, their foolishness, and the sonnets one must compose or commission for them; but after all, these two girls are beginning to bore me too."[229]

After lunch, Candide, walking through a long gallery, was surprised by the beauty of the paintings. He asked which master had painted the first two.

"They are by Raphael," said the Senator. "I bought them at a very high price out of vanity, some years ago. They are said to be the finest things

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[228] **[H]** *Pococurante*: Italian for "caring little." The character has been variously interpreted as Voltaire's self-portrait (he too was a wealthy connoisseur who loved to criticize), a satire of the jaded aristocratic aesthete, or an illustration of the thesis that wealth and cultivation do not produce happiness. Probably all three at once.

[229] **[H]** Pococurante's treatment of the two girls (enjoyed, evaluated, and found boring) mirrors his treatment of Raphael, Homer, and Virgil. Human beings and masterpieces are equally subject to his consuming ennui. The passage quietly indicts the equation of persons with possessions.

in Italy, but they do not please me at all; the color has gone very dark; the figures are not sufficiently rounded and do not stand out enough; the draperies do not resemble real cloth in the least. In a word, whatever they may say, I do not find in them a true imitation of nature. I shall like a painting only when it makes me think I am seeing nature itself; and there are none of that sort. I have many paintings, but I no longer look at them."[230]

While they waited to be called to dinner, Pococurante ordered a concert; for a quarter of an hour the music played, and Candide found it ravishing. "This noise," said Pococurante, "amuses for half an hour; but let it continue any longer, and everyone is wearied, though no one dares say so. Music today is nothing but the difficulty of execution, and difficulty in itself can never long give pleasure."[231]
They sat down to table, and after an excellent dinner they went into the library. Candide, seeing a magnificently bound Homer, complimented the most illustrious lord on his good taste. "That," said he, "is a book which was the delight of the great Pangloss, the best philosopher in Germany."

"It is not the delight of mine," said Pococurante coldly. "I was once made to believe that I took pleasure in reading him; but that continual repetition of combats which all resemble one another; those gods who are forever busy and never accomplish anything decisive; that Helen who is the cause of the war and who is scarcely an actress in the piece; that Troy which is besieged and never taken — all of it used to cause me the most mortal boredom. I have sometimes asked learned men whether the reading bored them as much as it bored me. All the sincere ones confessed to me that the book dropped from their hands, but that one must always have it in one's library, like a monument of antiquity,

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[230] **[H]** Pococurante's art criticism echoes real eighteenth-century aesthetic debates. His demand for perfect naturalism anticipates later critical positions while also exposing the emptiness of taste without capacity for pleasure.

[231] **[H]** Pococurante's verdict on modern music — all difficulty and no beauty — echoes a live controversy of Voltaire's own moment, the so-called Querelle des Bouffons then dividing Parisian opinion between French and Italian operatic styles; Voltaire himself wrote variously on both sides of it over his career.

or like those rusted medals which can no longer pass in trade."[232]

"Your Excellency does not think the same of Virgil?" said Candide.

"I grant," said Pococurante, "that the second, the fourth, and the sixth books of his Aeneid are excellent; but as for his pious Aeneas, and the strong Cloanthus, and the friend Achates, and little Ascanius, and the imbecile King Latinus, and the bourgeois Amata, and the insipid Lavinia, I do not think there is anything so cold or more disagreeable. I prefer Tasso, and Ariosto's far-fetched tales."[233]

"Might I venture to ask you, sir," said Candide, "whether you do not take great pleasure in reading Horace?"

"There are maxims there," said Pococurante, "from which a man of the world can profit, and which, compressed as they are into energetic verses, engrave themselves the more easily on the memory. But I care very little for his journey to Brundisium, and his description of a bad dinner, and the porters' quarrel between some Pupilus or other, whose words, he says, were full of pus, and another fellow whose words were vinegar. I have read only with extreme disgust his coarse verses against old women and against witches; and I do not see what merit there can be in telling his friend Maecenas that, if he is set by him in the rank of

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[232] **[H]** Pococurante's boredom rehearses the "Modern" case from the Quarrel of the Ancients and Moderns: repetitive battles, ineffectual gods, a Helen who causes the war yet "is scarcely an actress in the piece." The closing simile — the classics kept "like rusted medals which can no longer pass in trade" — is the chapter's thesis in an image: a culture retained but demonetized, owned and unread. Voltaire's own published view of Homer (*Essai sur la poésie épique,* 1727) was considerably warmer; the chapter dramatizes taste curdled into ennui, not the author's doctrine.

[233] **[H]** Books II (the fall of Troy), IV (Dido), and VI (the underworld) were the conventional favorites, so even Pococurante's concession is secondhand. The roll-call of dismissed characters mocks the Virgilian epithets themselves — *pius* Aeneas, *fidus* Achates — as though constancy were the fault. Preferring Tasso and Ariosto's *contes à dormir debout* (literally, tales to put you to sleep standing up — cock-and-bull stories) to Virgil was a genuine provocation, and one Pococurante will revoke within the page when Milton is accused of spoiling both.

lyric poets, he will strike the stars with his sublime forehead.[234] Fools admire everything in an esteemed author. I read only for myself; I like only what is to my use." Candide, who had been brought up never to judge anything for himself, was greatly astonished at what he heard; and Martin found Pococurante's way of thinking rather reasonable.

"Oh! here is a Cicero," said Candide. "As for that great man, I imagine you never tire of reading him?"

"I never read him," replied the Venetian. "What is it to me that he pleaded for Rabirius or for Cluentius? I have quite enough of the cases I judge myself. I could have made better terms with his philosophical works; but when I saw that he doubted everything, I concluded that I knew as much as he did, and that I needed no one's help to be ignorant."[235]

"Ah! there are eighty volumes of the proceedings of an academy of sciences," cried Martin; "there may be something good in them."

"There would be," said Pococurante, "if a single one of the authors of that rubbish had invented so much as the art of making pins; but in all those books there is nothing but empty systems, and not a single useful

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[234] **[H]** The inventory is exact: the journey to Brundisium is *Satires* I.5; the shouting match of the litigant "full of pus" against the vinegar-tongued adversary is *Satires* I.7 — where the brawler is named Rupilius Rex, not "Pupilus": whether the slip is Voltaire's or his character's studied carelessness, the "some Pupilus or other" (*je ne sais quel Pupilus*) does the satiric work of contempt too lazy to check its references; the verses against old women and witches are *Epodes* 8, 12, and 5; and the promise to strike the stars with his lifted head closes the first ode to Maecenas (*Odes* I.1). Pococurante reads like an auditor: the maxims are kept as portable assets, the poetry written off.

[235] **[H]** *Pro Rabirio* and *Pro Cluentio* are real defenses; the "doubting everything" targets the *Academica*'s skepticism. "I needed no one's help to be ignorant" is Pococurante's one genuinely good line, and Voltaire knows it — the wit survives the sourness, which is why Martin, alone in the room, keeps finding this man "rather reasonable."

thing."[236]

"What a quantity of plays I see there!" said Candide; "in Italian, in Spanish, in French!"

"Yes," said the Senator; "there are three thousand of them, and not three dozen good ones. As for those collections of sermons, which all together are not worth one page of Seneca, and all those fat volumes of theology — you may well believe that I never open them, neither I nor anyone else."

Martin noticed some shelves loaded with English books. "I should think," he said, "that a republican must take pleasure in most of these works, written with such freedom."

"Yes," answered Pococurante; "it is a fine thing to write what one thinks; it is the privilege of man. In all our Italy, people write only what they do not think; those who inhabit the homeland of the Caesars and the Antonines dare not have an idea without the permission of a Dominican.[237] I should be content with the liberty that inspires the English geniuses, if passion and party spirit did not corrupt all that is estimable in that precious liberty."

Candide, noticing a Milton, asked him whether he did not regard that author as a great man. "Who?" said Pococurante. "That barbarian who

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[236] **[H]** The eighty volumes are the published *Mémoires* of the academies of sciences. "The art of making pins" was the Enlightenment's favorite emblem of humble useful art — the *Encyclopédie*'s article *Épingle* famously anatomized pin-making into its eighteen operations, and Adam Smith would open *The Wealth of Nations* (1776) with the same pin factory. Pococurante demands utility from science and finds only "systems" — the one point where the aesthete and Voltaire's own empiricism briefly agree.

[237] **[T]** *Sans la permission d'un jacobin:* a *Jacobin* here is a **Dominican friar** — the order's Paris house stood in the rue Saint-Jacques — that is, an officer of the censorship and the Inquisition, the licensers of thought in Italy. The revolutionary club that later took the name (from meeting in that same convent) lies thirty years in the future; the modern reader's double-take is an accident of history, which is why this translation renders the word "Dominican." Voltaire's balance-sheet on England — liberty admired, faction deplored — repeats the settled view of his *Lettres philosophiques* (1734).

writes a long commentary on the first chapter of Genesis in ten books of harsh verse? That coarse imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the Creation, and who — while Moses shows the Eternal Being producing the world by the word — has the Messiah take a great compass from a cupboard in heaven to trace out his work? I — esteem the man who spoiled Tasso's hell and Tasso's devil; who disguises Lucifer now as a toad, now as a pygmy; who makes him rehash the same speeches a hundred times over; who makes him argue theology; who, imitating in earnest Ariosto's comic invention of firearms, has the devils firing cannon in heaven? Neither I, nor anyone else in Italy, has been able to take pleasure in all those dismal extravagances. The marriage of Sin and Death, and the snakes to which Sin gives birth, make any man of moderately delicate taste vomit; and his long description of a hospital is good only for a gravedigger. This obscure, bizarre, and disgusting poem was despised at its birth; I treat it today as it was treated in its own country by its contemporaries. For the rest, I say what I think, and I care very little whether others think as I do."[238]

Candide was distressed by these speeches; he respected Homer, and he rather liked Milton. "Alas!" he said very softly to Martin, "I am much afraid this man may hold our German poets in sovereign contempt."

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[238] **[H]** Every count in the indictment corresponds to something real in *Paradise Lost:* the golden compasses with which the Son circumscribes creation (VII, 224–231); Satan squat like a toad at Eve's ear (IV) and the devils shrunk to less than pygmies (I); the theological debates of the fallen angels (II); the artillery of the war in heaven (VI), where Milton makes earnest what Ariosto's firearms had made comic in *Orlando furioso*; the allegory of Sin and Death and Sin's serpent brood (II); and the lazar-house vision (XI). One claim is false — the poem was *not* "despised at its birth" — but the falsehood is Pococurante's, part of the portrait. The deeper joke is autobiographical: the young Voltaire's *Essay upon Epick Poetry* (1727), written in English during his exile, had championed Milton to French readers. He assigns the recantation to his most jaded character and leaves the reader to decide who is speaking.

"There would be no great harm in that," said Martin.[239]

"Oh, what a superior man!" Candide went on muttering between his teeth. "What a great genius this Pococurante is! Nothing can please him."

After they had thus reviewed all the books, they went down to the garden. Candide praised all its beauties.

"I know of nothing in such bad taste," said the master. "We have nothing here but trifles; but tomorrow I shall have one laid out on a nobler design."

When the two visitors had taken leave of His Excellency, Candide said to Martin: "Well, you must agree that there is the happiest of men, for he is superior to everything he possesses."

"Do you not see," said Martin, "that he is disgusted with everything he possesses? Plato said long ago that the best stomachs are not those that reject all food."[240]

"But," said Candide, "is there not pleasure in criticizing everything, in finding faults where other men think they see beauty?"

"That is to say," replied Martin, "that there is pleasure in having no pleasure?"

"Oh well!" said Candide. "So there is no one happy except me

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[239] **[H]** "Our German poets": in 1759 German literature was, to French eyes, a province without classics — Lessing barely begun, Klopstock suspect, Goethe a boy of ten. Martin's "there would be no great harm in that" is at once a joke at Germany's expense and the last turn of the screw on Candide's piety toward authority: he has just watched Homer, Virgil, Cicero, and Milton go down, and his first fear is for the poets of Westphalia.

[240] **[H]** Martin's citation of Plato completes the characterization of Pococurante: his indifference is not wisdom but a disease of the appetite. This is crucial to Voltaire's argument: pessimism, like optimism, can become a form of spiritual laziness.

— when I see Mademoiselle Cunégonde again."

"It is always good to hope," said Martin.

CHAPTER XXVI

Of a Supper That Candide and Martin Had with Six Strangers, and Who These Strangers Were

One evening when Candide, followed by Martin, was about to sit down to table with the foreigners who lodged in the same inn, a man with a face the color of soot approached him from behind and, taking him by the arm, said: "Be ready to leave with us; do not fail."

He turned around and saw Cacambo. Only the sight of Cunégonde could have astonished and pleased him more. He was on the point of going mad with joy. He embraced his dear friend.

"Cunégonde is here, no doubt? Where is she? Take me to her, let me die of joy in her presence."
"Cunégonde is not here," said Cacambo. "She is in Constantinople."

"Good Heavens! In Constantinople! But were she in China, I would fly to her; let us go."

"We shall leave after supper," replied Cacambo. "I cannot tell you more; I am a slave, my master is waiting for me; I must go and serve him at table. Do not say a word; eat your supper, and be ready."

Candide, torn between joy and grief, charmed to have seen his faithful agent once more, astonished to find him a slave, full of the idea of recovering his mistress, with a troubled heart and a confused mind, sat down to table with Martin, who observed all these adventures with equanimity, and with six strangers who had come to spend the carnival

season in Venice.

Cacambo, who was pouring wine for one of these six strangers, leaned over at the end of the meal and whispered in his master's ear: "Sire, Your Majesty may leave when he pleases; the ship is ready."

Having said these words, he went out. The astonished guests looked at one another without uttering a single word, when another servant, approaching his master, said to him: "Sire, Your Majesty's carriage is at Padua, and the boat is ready."

The master nodded, and the servant left. All the guests looked at one another again, and their mutual surprise doubled. A third valet, also approaching a third stranger, said to him: "Sire, take my word for it, Your Majesty must not remain here any longer; I will go and get everything ready."

And he too immediately disappeared.

By now Candide and Martin had no doubt that this was a masquerade of the carnival season. A fourth servant said to the fourth master: "Your Majesty may leave when he pleases," and went out like the others. The fifth valet said the same to the fifth master. But the sixth valet spoke differently to the sixth stranger, who sat beside Candide. He said: "Upon my word, Sire, they will give Your Majesty no more credit, nor me either; and we may very well both be locked up tonight. I am going to look after my own affairs; goodbye."

When all the servants had gone, the six strangers, Candide, and Martin remained in profound silence. At last Candide broke it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is a singular jest. Why are you all kings? For

my part, I assure you that neither Martin nor I am a king."[241]

Cacambo's master gravely answered and said: "I am not jesting. My name is Ahmed III.[242] I was Grand Sultan for several years; I dethroned my brother; my nephew dethroned me; my viziers had their throats cut; I am finishing my days in the old seraglio. My nephew, the Grand Sultan Mahmoud, sometimes allows me to travel for my health, and I have come to spend the carnival at Venice."

A young man who sat next to Ahmed spoke after him and said: "My name is Ivan;[243] I was Emperor of all the Russias; I was dethroned in my cradle. My father and mother were locked up. I was raised in prison; I sometimes have permission to travel, accompanied by my guards, and I have come to spend the carnival at Venice."

The third said: "I am Charles Edward,[244] King of England; my father ceded his rights to the throne to me; I fought to maintain them; eight hundred of my followers had their hearts torn out and their cheeks slapped with them. I was put in prison; I am going to Rome to visit my father, the king, who is dethroned like my grandfather and me; and I have come to spend the carnival at Venice."

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241 **[H]** The supper of six dethroned kings is one of the most celebrated set pieces in Western literature. All six are real historical figures. The scene makes several points simultaneously: that political power is radically contingent; that the "best of all possible worlds" has no permanent winners; and that Candide, a mere commoner with El Dorado diamonds, is wealthier than any of them. The four additional Serene Highnesses who arrive but are not even noticed drive the point to absurdity.

242 **[H]** Ahmed III (1673–1736): Ottoman sultan deposed in 1730.

243 **[H]** Ivan VI (1740–1764): proclaimed Emperor of Russia as an infant, overthrown after thirteen months, and imprisoned for life. He was killed by his guards in 1764, after *Candide* was written but before the final authorized edition.

244 **[H]** Charles Edward Stuart (1720–1788): "Bonnie Prince Charlie," the Young Pretender, who led the failed Jacobite rising of 1745.

The fourth then spoke and said: "I am the King of the Poles;[245] the fortunes of war have deprived me of my hereditary states; my father underwent the same reverses. I resign myself to Providence like the Sultan Ahmed, the Emperor Ivan, and King Charles Edward, whom God preserve; and I have come to spend the carnival at Venice."

The fifth said: "I too am King of the Poles;[246] I have lost my kingdom twice; but Providence has given me another state in which I have done more good than all the kings of the Sarmatians together have ever done on the banks of the Vistula. I too resign myself to Providence; and I have come to spend the carnival at Venice."

It remained for the sixth monarch to speak. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not so great a lord as any of you; but I have been a king like everyone else. I am Theodore;[247] I was elected King of Corsica. I have been called 'Your Majesty,' and now I am scarcely called 'Sir.' I have coined money and now have not a penny; I have had two secretaries of state and now have scarcely a valet. I once sat on a throne and for a long time lay on straw in a London prison. I am very much afraid I shall be treated in the same way here, though I have come, like Your Majesties, to spend the carnival at Venice."

The five other kings listened to this speech with noble compassion. Each of them gave King Theodore twenty sequins to buy clothes and shirts; and Candide made him a present of a diamond worth two thousand sequins.

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[245] **[H]** Augustus III of Poland (1696–1763), who lost his kingdom during the Seven Years' War.

[246] **[H]** Stanislaus Leszczyński (1677–1766): twice elected and twice deposed as King of Poland, he was given the Duchy of Lorraine as compensation and became a noted philanthropist and patron of the arts. Voltaire had been his guest at Lunéville. The praise of his good governance is sincere, not ironic.

[247] **[H]** Theodore von Neuhoff (1694–1756): a German adventurer who was briefly proclaimed King of Corsica in 1736. He died in poverty in London. His story was widely known and is the most pathetic of the six.

"Who is this private citizen," said the five kings, "who is in a position to give a hundred times as much as any of us, and who gives it?"

Just as they were leaving the table, there arrived at the same inn four Most Serene Highnesses who had also lost their states through the fortunes of war, and who had come to spend the rest of the carnival season at Venice. But Candide did not take the slightest notice of these newcomers. His only thought was to go to Constantinople and find his dear Cunégonde.

CHAPTER XXVII

Candide's Voyage to Constantinople

The faithful Cacambo had already spoken to the Turkish captain who was going to take Sultan Ahmed back to Constantinople, and had obtained permission for Candide and Martin to come on board. They both boarded the ship after prostrating themselves before His miserable Highness.

On the way, Candide said to Martin: "Six dethroned kings that we supped with! And among those six kings there was one to whom I gave charity! Perhaps there are many other princes still more unfortunate. As for me, I have only lost a hundred sheep, and I am flying to the arms of Cunégonde. My dear Martin, once more Pangloss was right: all is well."

"I hope so," said Martin.

"But," said Candide, "that was a very unlikely adventure we had in Venice. No one had ever seen or heard of six dethroned kings having supper together at an inn."

"That is no more extraordinary," said Martin, "than most of the things that have happened to us. It is very common for kings to be dethroned; and as for the honor we have had of supping with them, it

is a trifle not worth our attention."[248]

Scarcely was Candide on the ship when he threw his arms around the neck of his former valet, his friend Cacambo. "Well!" he said. "What is Cunégonde doing? Is she still a paragon of beauty? Does she still love me? How is she? You have doubtless bought her a palace in Constantinople?"

"My dear master," replied Cacambo, "Cunégonde is washing dishes on the banks of the Propontis[249] for a prince who has very few dishes. She is a slave in the household of a former sovereign named Ragotsky,[250] to whom the Grand Turk gives three crowns a day in his exile. But what is far worse is that she has lost her beauty and has become horribly ugly."

"Ah! Beautiful or ugly," said Candide, "I am an honest man, and my duty is to love her always. But how can she have been reduced to so abject a condition, with the five or six millions you had?"

"Well," said Cacambo, "did I not have to give two million to Señor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, the Governor of Buenos Aires, for permission to take Mademoiselle Cunégonde back? And did not a pirate bravely strip us of all the rest? And did not this pirate take us to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmara, to Scutari?[251] Cunégonde and the old woman are servants of the prince I mentioned,

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[248] **[H]** Martin's deflation of the six kings episode — calling it "a trifle not worth our attention" — is both philosophically consistent (all human events are equally insignificant) and humanly inadequate (the stories of these ruined monarchs clearly deserve attention). Martin's limitation is precisely his refusal to be moved.

[249] **[H]** *La Propontide*: the Sea of Marmara, between the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles.

[250] **[H]** *Ragotsky*: Prince Francis II Rákóczi (1676–1735), leader of the Hungarian revolt against Austrian Habsburg rule, who died in exile in Turkey.

[251] **[H]** The itinerary of Cacambo's misadventures, from Buenos Aires through a series of Mediterranean islands to the Dardanelles, parallels the Old Woman's chain of sales in Chapter XII, creating a structural echo between female and male experiences of enslavement.

and I am a slave of the dethroned Sultan."

"What a chain of terrible calamities, one linked to the other!" said Candide. "But after all, I still have a few diamonds; I shall easily deliver Cunégonde. What a pity she has become so ugly."

Then, turning to Martin: "Who do you think is the most to be pitied: Sultan Ahmed, Emperor Ivan, King Charles Edward, or me?"

"I have no idea," said Martin. "I would have to be in all your hearts to know." "Ah!" said Candide. "If Pangloss were here, he would know, and he would tell us."

"I do not know," said Martin, "what scales your Pangloss could use to weigh the misfortunes of men and to estimate their sufferings. All I presume is that there are millions of people on earth a hundred times more to be pitied than King Charles Edward, Emperor Ivan, or Sultan Ahmed."

"That could very well be," said Candide.

In a few days they reached the strait of the Bosphorus. Candide began by buying back Cacambo at a very high price, and without losing time he threw himself into a galley, with his companions, to go to the shore of the Propontis and find Cunégonde, however ugly she might be.

Among the galley slaves there were two who rowed very badly, and to whose bare shoulders the Levantine captain applied a few strokes of the bull's-hide whip from time to time. Candide, from a natural feeling, looked at them more attentively than at the other slaves and drew near them with pity. Some features of their disfigured faces seemed to him to bear a slight resemblance to Pangloss and to the unfortunate Jesuit Baron, Mademoiselle Cunégonde's brother. This idea moved and saddened him. He looked at them even more carefully. "'Truly,' he said to Cacambo, 'if I had not seen Master Pangloss hanged, and if I had not had the misfortune to kill the Baron, I should believe it was they who are rowing in this galley.'"

At the words "Baron" and "Pangloss," the two convicts gave a great cry, sat still on their bench, and dropped their oars. The Levantine captain ran up to them and the lashes of the bull's-hide whip redoubled.

"Stop, stop, my lord!" cried Candide. "I will give you as much money as you want." "What! It is Candide!" said one of the convicts.

"What! It is Candide!" said the other.

"Is it a dream?" said Candide. "Am I awake? Am I in this galley? Is that the Baron, whom I killed? Is that Master Pangloss, whom I saw hanged?"

"It is indeed, it is indeed!" they replied.

"What! Is that the great philosopher?" said Martin.

"My dear sir, Monsieur the Levantine captain," said Candide, "how much money do you want for the ransom of Monsieur Thunder-ten-tronckh, one of the foremost barons of the Empire, and of Monsieur Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician in Germany?"

"Dog of a Christian," replied the Levantine captain, "since these two dogs of Christian convicts are barons and metaphysicians, which is no doubt a great dignity in their country, you shall give me fifty thousand sequins for them."

"You shall have them, sir. Take me back to Constantinople with all speed, and you shall be paid on the spot. But no — take me first to Mademoiselle Cunégonde."

The Levantine captain, at Candide's first offer, had already turned the prow toward the city, and he had the ship rowed faster than a bird cleaves the air.

Candide embraced the Baron and Pangloss a hundred times. "How is it I did not kill you, my dear Baron? And my dear Pangloss, how are you alive after being hanged? And why are you both in a Turkish

galley?"

"Is it really true that my dear sister is in this country?" said the Baron.

"Yes," replied Cacambo.

"So I see my dear Candide again!" cried Pangloss.

Candide introduced Martin and Cacambo to them. They all embraced, they all talked at once. The galley flew; they were already in the harbor. A Jew was sent for, to whom Candide sold a diamond worth a hundred thousand sequins for fifty thousand, and who swore by Abraham that he could not give more. Candide immediately ransomed the Baron and Pangloss. The latter threw himself at the feet of his liberator and bathed them with tears; the former thanked him with a nod and promised to repay him at the first opportunity.

"But is it really possible that my sister is in Turkey?" he said.

"Nothing is more possible," replied Cacambo, "since she scrubs dishes for a prince of Transylvania."

Two more Jews were immediately sent for; Candide sold more diamonds; and they all set off in another galley to rescue Cunégonde.

CHAPTER XXVIII

What Happened to Candide, Cunégonde, Pangloss, Martin, Etc.

"Pardon once more," said Candide to the Baron, "pardon me, Reverend Father, for having run you through with my sword."

"Let us say no more about it," said the Baron. "I was a little too hasty, I admit; but since you wish to know by what chance you came to see me as a galley slave, I will tell you. After being healed of my wound by the brother apothecary of the college, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spaniards. I was put in prison in Buenos Aires at the very time my sister was leaving. I asked to return to the Father General in Rome.

I was appointed to go and serve as almoner in Constantinople, with the French ambassador. I had not been a week at my post when one evening I met a very handsome young page of the Sultan. It was very hot; the young man wished to bathe; I took the opportunity to bathe too. I did not know that it was a capital crime for a Christian to be found naked with a young Muslim.[252] A cadi had me given a hundred blows on the soles of my feet and condemned me to the galleys. I do not believe a more horrible injustice has ever been committed. But I would like to know why my sister is in the kitchen of a sovereign of Transylvania who has taken refuge among the Turks."

"But you, my dear Pangloss," said Candide, "how can it be that I see you again?"

"It is true," said Pangloss, "that you saw me hanged; I should by rights have been burned, but you remember that it poured with rain when they were about to roast me. The storm was so violent that they despaired of lighting the fire; I was hanged because they could do no better. A surgeon bought my body; he took me home and began to dissect me. He first made a cruciform incision from my navel to my collarbone. No one could have been more badly hanged than I was. The executioner of the Holy Inquisition, who was a subdeacon, was admirable at burning people, but he was not accustomed to hanging them. The rope was wet and slipped badly; it was knotted. In short, I was still breathing. The cruciform incision caused me to let out so great a scream that my surgeon fell over backward, and, thinking he was dissecting the Devil, fled in mortal terror and fell again on the staircase in his flight. His wife, hearing the noise, ran from a neighboring room; she saw me stretched out on the table with my cruciform incision; she was even more frightened than her husband, fled, and fell on top of him. When they had recovered a little, I heard the surgeon's wife say to the surgeon: 'My dear, what are you thinking of, dissecting a heretic? Do you not know that the Devil is always in

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[252] **[H]** The Baron's arrest for bathing naked with a young Muslim page confirms the homosexual subtext that has accompanied his character throughout the novel. Voltaire treats the episode with characteristic ambiguity: the Baron's desire is presented matter-of-factly, while the punishment is treated as absurd.

the bodies of those people? I will go at once and fetch a priest to exorcise him.'[253]

"I shuddered at these words, and gathered together the little strength I had left to cry out: 'Have pity on me!' At last the Portuguese barber[254] plucked up his courage; he sewed up my skin; his wife even nursed me; I was on my feet in two weeks. The barber found me a position, and I became lackey to a Knight of Malta who was going to Venice. But as this master had no money to pay me, I entered the service of a Venetian merchant and followed him to Constantinople.

"One day I took it into my head to enter a mosque; there was no one there except an old imam and a very pretty young woman of the faith who was saying her prayers. Her bosom was completely uncovered; she had between her breasts a beautiful bouquet of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculus, hyacinths, and auriculas. She dropped her bouquet; I picked it up and replaced it with the most respectful attention. I took so long replacing it that the imam grew angry, and, seeing that I was a Christian, called for help. I was taken before the cadi, who had me given a hundred strokes on the soles of my feet and sent me to the galleys. I was chained in the very same galley and on the very same bench as the Baron.

"There were on this galley four young men from Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks from Corfu, who told us that similar adventures happened every day. The Baron claimed he had suffered a greater injustice than I; I claimed that it was far more permissible to replace a bouquet on a woman's bosom than to be found completely naked with a page. We argued incessantly, and received twenty strokes of the bull's-hide whip a day, when the

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[253] **[H]** Pangloss's account of his survival (the wet rope, the bad knot, the incompetent executioner, the terrified surgeon, the wife who thinks he's possessed by the Devil) is a tour de force of comic narration. Each detail compounds the absurdity while maintaining absolute deadpan.

[254] **[H]** Le barbier portugais: in the eighteenth century, barbers also performed surgery, the historical origin of the barber-surgeon.

concatenation of events in this universe led you to our galley and you ransomed us."[255]

"Well, my dear Pangloss," said Candide, "when you were hanged, dissected, beaten, and rowing in the galleys, did you still think that all was for the best in this world?"

"I am still of my first opinion," replied Pangloss, "for after all I am a philosopher; it would not be fitting for me to recant, since Leibniz cannot be wrong, and since pre-established harmony is the finest thing in the world, together with the plenum and subtle matter."[256]

CHAPTER XXIX

How Candide Found Cunégonde and the Old Woman Again

While Candide, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo were relating their adventures, reasoning about the contingent or non-contingent events of this universe, arguing about effects and causes, about moral and physical evil, about liberty and necessity, and about the consolations available to one when one is a galley slave in Turkey, they reached the shore of the Propontis at the house of the prince of Transylvania. The first objects that met their eyes were Cunégonde and the old woman, who were hanging towels on a line to dry.

The Baron paled at this sight. The tender lover Candide, on seeing his beautiful Cunégonde sunburned, bleary-eyed, flat-chested, with

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[255] **[H]** L'enchaînement des événements de cet univers: "the concatenation of events in this universe." Pangloss's use of technical philosophical language, specifically Leibniz's concept of a chain of sufficient reasons connecting all events, to describe the coincidence that brought him and the Baron together on the same galley bench, is the novel's last great deployment of optimistic jargon. Even in chains, Pangloss speaks in chains of reasoning.

[256] **[H]** L'harmonie préétablie… le plein et la matière subtile: pre-established harmony, the plenum, and subtle matter are all technical terms from Leibnizian philosophy. Pangloss's confession that he cannot recant because he is a philosopher, not because the evidence supports his position, is Voltaire's final judgment on systematic philosophy: it is a matter of professional identity, not truth.

wrinkled cheeks and red, scaly arms, recoiled three paces in horror, and then advanced out of good manners.[257] She embraced Candide and her brother; they embraced the old woman.

There was a little farm in the neighborhood; the old woman proposed that Candide should buy it and that they should all live there until the whole company found a better destiny. Cunégonde did not know she had become ugly, since no one had told her; she reminded Candide of his promises in so firm a tone that the good Candide did not dare refuse her. He therefore informed the Baron that he was going to marry his sister.

"I shall never tolerate," said the Baron, "such baseness on her part and such insolence on yours; no one shall ever reproach me with that infamy; my sister's children could never enter the ranks of the nobility of Germany. No, my sister shall never marry anyone but a baron of the Empire."[258]

Cunégonde threw herself at his feet and bathed them with tears; he was inflexible.

"You absolute fool," said Candide, "I rescued you from the galleys, I paid your ransom, I paid your sister's too; she was washing dishes here, she is ugly, I have the goodness to make her my wife, and you still pretend to oppose it? I would kill you again if I gave way to my anger."

"You may kill me again," said the Baron, "but you shall not marry my

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[257] **[H]** Recula trois pas, saisi d'horreur, et avança ensuite par bon procédé: "recoiled three paces in horror, and then advanced out of good manners." This single sentence is one of the most remarkable in the novel. The gap between Candide's visceral reaction and his dutiful gesture encapsulates everything the book has to say about the distance between romantic ideals and physical reality. In the operetta, Bernstein's version handles this moment differently: Cunégonde remains beautiful. Voltaire insists on the demolition of the romantic fantasy.

[258] **[H]** The Baron's unyielding insistence on the purity of aristocratic bloodlines, even after enslavement, galley service, and ruin, brings the novel's satire of nobility full circle. His obsession with quarterings is literally unchanged from Chapter I; experience has taught him nothing.

sister while I am alive."

CHAPTER XXX

Conclusion

Candide, in the bottom of his heart, had no desire to marry Cunégonde. But the Baron's extreme impertinence determined him to conclude the marriage, and Cunégonde pressed him so earnestly that he could not go back on his word. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss composed a fine memoir in which he proved that the Baron had no rights over his sister, and that according to all the laws of the Empire she could marry Candide with her left hand.[259] Martin was of the opinion that the Baron should be thrown into the sea. Cacambo decided that he should be returned to the Levantine captain and sent back to the galleys, after which he would be shipped to the Father General in Rome by the first vessel. This was thought to be very good advice; the old woman approved it; they said nothing to his sister about it; the scheme was carried out at some small expense, and they had the pleasure of trapping a Jesuit and punishing the pride of a German baron.

It was quite natural to imagine that after so many disasters, Candide, married to his mistress, living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, and having moreover brought back so many diamonds from the land of the ancient Incas, would lead the most pleasant life in the world. But he was so cheated by the Jews[260] that he had nothing left but his little farm; his wife, growing uglier every day, became shrewish and intolerable. The old woman was infirm and even more bad-tempered

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[259] **[H]** Mariage de la main gauche: a "left-handed marriage" or morganatic marriage, in which a spouse of lower rank does not share the higher-ranking partner's titles or property. Pangloss's legal research is characteristically thorough and characteristically beside the point.

[260] **[H]** Voltaire's references to Jewish merchants cheating Candide reflect the antisemitic stereotypes prevalent in eighteenth-century European culture. Modern readers and scholars have noted this as one of the novel's moral blind spots.

than Cunégonde. Cacambo, who worked in the garden and who went to Constantinople to sell vegetables, was worn out with work and cursed his fate. Pangloss was in despair at not shining in some German university. As for Martin, he was firmly persuaded that people are equally wretched everywhere; he took things patiently. Candide, Martin, and Pangloss sometimes argued about metaphysics and morality. From the windows of the farm they often watched boats passing, loaded with effendis, pashas, and cadis who were being sent to exile in Lemnos, Mytilene, and Erzerum.[261] They saw other cadis, other pashas, and other effendis coming to take the place of the exiled ones, only to be exiled in their turn. They saw neatly stuffed heads being carried for presentation to the Sublime Porte.[262] These spectacles redoubled their discussions; and when they were not arguing, the boredom was so extreme that one day the old woman ventured to say:

"I should like to know which is worse: to be ravished a hundred times by negro pirates, to have a buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet in the Bulgar regiment, to be flogged and hanged in an auto-da-fé, to be dissected, to row in the galleys, to undergo, in short, all the miseries we have all suffered, or to stay here with nothing to do?"

"That is a great question," said Candide.[263]

This speech gave rise to new reflections, and Martin in particular

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[261] **[H]** Lemnos, Mytilène, Erzeroum: places of Ottoman exile and punishment. The parade of officials being sent into exile, replaced, and then themselves exiled, captures the cyclical futility of political power.

[262] **[H]** La Sublime Porte: the government of the Ottoman Empire, named after the ceremonial gate of the sultan's palace. **[T]** *Des têtes proprement empaillées:* "neatly stuffed" — *empailler* is the taxidermist's verb; the severed heads of disgraced officials were stuffed with straw for presentation at court. *Proprement* ("neatly," "properly") carries the sting: administrative tidiness applied to atrocity. The word is sometimes misread as *empalées,* "impaled," which spoils the joke — the horror here is not the stake but the good housekeeping.

[263] **[H]** The Old Woman's question, whether active suffering or passive boredom is worse, is the novel's final philosophical crux. That she poses it, after everything she has endured, gives it extraordinary authority. The question goes unanswered, which is itself the answer.

concluded that man was born to live either in the convulsions of anxiety or in the lethargy of boredom.[264] Candide did not agree, but he affirmed nothing. Pangloss confessed that he had always suffered horribly; but having once maintained that everything was marvelous, he continued to maintain it, and believed not a word of it.

One thing served to confirm Martin in his detestable principles, to make Candide hesitate more than ever, and to embarrass Pangloss: one day they saw Paquette and Friar Giroflée arrive at their farm, in the utmost misery. They had very quickly gone through their three thousand piastres, had separated, made it up, quarreled again, been put in prison, escaped, and finally Friar Giroflée had turned Turk. Paquette continued to practice her trade everywhere, and no longer earned anything by it.

"I told you so," said Martin to Candide. "I knew your gifts would soon be squandered and would only make them more miserable. You were once rolling in millions of piastres, you and Cacambo, and you are no happier than Friar Giroflée and Paquette."

"Ah ha!" said Pangloss to Paquette. "So Heaven brings you back to us, my poor child! Do you know that you cost me the tip of my nose, one eye, and one ear? What a state you are in! Ah! What a world this is!"

This new adventure led them to philosophize more than ever.

There lived in the neighborhood a very famous dervish, who was held to be the greatest philosopher in Turkey. They went to consult him. Pangloss was the spokesman, and said to him: "Master, we have come to beg you to tell us why so strange an animal as man was ever created."

"What does it matter to you?" said the dervish. "Is it any of your

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[264] **[H]** L'homme était né pour vivre dans les convulsions de l'inquiétude, ou dans la léthargie de l'ennui: "man was born to live either in the convulsions of anxiety or in the lethargy of boredom." Martin's formulation anticipates Pascal (whom Voltaire had read closely) and, more distantly, existentialist thought. It is one of the most quoted sentences in the novel.

business?"

"But, Reverend Father," said Candide, "there is a terrible amount of evil in the world."

"What does it matter whether there is evil or good?" said the dervish. "When His Highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he worry whether the mice in the hold are comfortable or not?"[265]

"Then what must we do?" said Pangloss.

"Hold your tongue," said the dervish.

"I had been hoping," said Pangloss, "to reason with you a little about effects and causes, the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and pre-established harmony."

At these words the dervish shut the door in their faces.[266]

During this conversation, the news had spread that two viziers and the mufti had been strangled in Constantinople, and that several of their friends had been impaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for a few hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, on their way back to the little farm, encountered a good old man who was taking the air at his door under a bower of orange trees. Pangloss, who was as curious as he was argumentative, asked him the name of the mufti who had just been strangled.

"I have no idea," replied the good man. "I have never known the name of any mufti or of any vizier. I am entirely ignorant of the event you are telling me about. I presume that in general those who meddle with

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265 **[H]** The dervish's parable of the ship and the mice is the novel's most radical theological statement: God, if He exists, is indifferent to human welfare. The dervish's refusal to engage with Pangloss's philosophical questions, and his slamming of the door, constitutes a rejection of theodicy itself.

266 **[H]** The dervish shutting the door in Pangloss's face is the novel's most concentrated image: the silence that answers metaphysical inquiry.

public affairs sometimes perish miserably, and that they deserve it; but I never inquire what is happening in Constantinople. I am content to send there the fruits of the garden I cultivate."[267]

Having said these words, he invited the strangers into his house. His two daughters and his two sons presented them with several kinds of sherbet that they had made themselves, with kaimac enriched with candied citron peel, with oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, pistachios, and Mocha coffee that had not been mixed with the bad coffee from Batavia and the West Indies. After which the two daughters of this good Muslim perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss, and Martin.

"You must have a vast and magnificent estate?" said Candide to the Turk.

"I have only twenty acres," replied the Turk. "I cultivate them with my children; our work keeps away three great evils: boredom, vice, and want."[268]

Candide, on his way back to the farm, reflected deeply on the Turk's remarks. He said to Pangloss and Martin: "That good old man seems to have made for himself a life far preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honor of having supper."

"Exalted rank," said Pangloss, "is very dangerous, by the report of all the philosophers: for after all, Eglon, king of the Moabites, was assassinated by Ehud; Absalom was hanged by his hair and pierced with three darts; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasha; King Elah, by Zimri; Ahaziah, by Jehu; Athaliah, by Jehoiada; the kings

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267 **[H]** The Old Turk is the novel's most debated figure. His philosophy of self-sufficient withdrawal from public affairs (he does not even know the names of government officials) has been read as Voltaire's endorsement of Epicurean retreat, as a practical wisdom superior to all the novel's philosophies, and as yet another ironic deflation. The fact that Voltaire himself, far from withdrawing, became increasingly active in public causes after writing Candide complicates any simple identification of the author with the Turk.

268 **[H]** Le travail éloigne de nous trois grands maux: l'ennui, le vice et le besoin: "work keeps away three great evils: boredom, vice, and want." This is the novel's most practical philosophical statement, and the one closest to a positive teaching.

Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah became slaves. You know how Croesus perished, and Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Caesar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II of England, Edward II, Henry VI, Richard III, Mary Stuart, Charles I, the three Henris of France, the Emperor Henry IV? You know —"[269]

"I also know," said Candide, "that we must cultivate our garden."[270]

"You are right," said Pangloss, "for when man was placed in the Garden of Eden, he was placed there ut operaretur eum,[271] to work in it; which proves that man was not born to rest."

"Let us work without reasoning," said Martin. "It is the only way to make life endurable."[272]

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[269] **[H]** Pangloss's necrology sweeps from the Book of Judges to the seventeenth century in one breath, flattening sacred and profane history into a single undifferentiated register of catastrophe — erudition as filibuster. The biblical assassinations are all scriptural (Judges 3; 2 Samuel 18; 1 Kings 15–16; 2 Kings 9–11; the last three kings taken into the Babylonian captivity); "the three Henris of France" are Henri II (killed at a tournament, 1559), Henri III (assassinated, 1589), and Henri IV (assassinated, 1610 — the parricide "of May 1610" recalled in Chapter XXII). Candide's interruption is the reader's deliverance: the list could evidently continue forever, and that is exactly the point — against which "we must cultivate our garden" lands as the closing of a door.

[270] **[V]** Il faut cultiver notre jardin: "we must cultivate our garden." The most famous line in French literature. See the extensive discussion of translation variants in the Variorum Companion (Part I of this edition). The principal interpretive possibilities: Epicurean withdrawal into private virtue; practical engagement against idle speculation; ironic resignation; proto-existentialist commitment to meaningful action. Wootton's rendering, "we must work our land," shifts the emphasis from contemplation to labor. The ambiguity is Voltaire's, and may be intentional.

[271] **[T]** Ut operaretur eum: "to work in it," from the Latin Vulgate translation of Genesis 2:15. Pangloss, true to form, finds scriptural justification for the garden.

[272] **[H]** Martin's final statement, travaillons sans raisonner, c'est le seul moyen de rendre la vie supportable ("let us work without reasoning; it is the only way to make life endurable"), is sometimes taken as the novel's true conclusion, closer to Voltaire's own temperament than Candide's more famous line. Work as therapy rather than as philosophy.

The whole little community entered into this laudable plan; each began to exercise his talents. The little piece of land produced much. Cunégonde was, in truth, very ugly; but she became an excellent pastry cook. Paquette embroidered. The old woman took care of the linen. Even Friar Giroflée made himself useful: he became a very good carpenter, and even became an honest man. And Pangloss sometimes said to Candide:

"All events are linked together in the best of all possible worlds; for after all, if you had not been driven from a fine castle with great kicks in the backside for love of Mademoiselle Cunégonde, if you had not been subjected to the Inquisition, if you had not wandered over America on foot, if you had not given the Baron a good thrust with your sword, if you had not lost all your sheep from the good land of El Dorado, you would not be here eating candied citrons and pistachios."

"That is well said," replied Candide, "but we must cultivate our garden."[273]

THE END

Colophon

This variorum companion and annotated translation was compiled by Dan Crocker, with translation assistance from Claude (Anthropic), drawing upon the resources and scholarship cited throughout.

The French source text is Voltaire's Candide, ou l'Optimisme as published in the Garnier 1877 edition of the Œuvres complètes de Voltaire, tome 21, which reproduces Voltaire's final authorized text

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[273] **[H]** The novel's last words repeat Candide's garden pronouncement, but now in response to Pangloss's attempt to fit the entire narrative into a chain of sufficient reasons leading to "the best of possible worlds." Candide does not argue; he does not refute; he simply redirects. The repetition, mais il faut cultiver notre jardin, functions as a closing of the door, much like the dervish's gesture. The conversation about meaning is over. There is work to be done.

from the édition encadrée (Cramer, Geneva, 1775), incorporating the substantial 1761 revisions to Chapter XXII.

The English translation presented here is original to this edition. Variorum annotations compare the 1759 and 1761 French texts and note significant divergences among the major English translations by Smollett (1762), Adams (Norton, 1966), Wootton (Hackett, 2000), Gordon (Bedford, 1999), Raffel (Yale), Palmer (Broadview), and Cuffe (Penguin).

Historical and contextual annotations draw upon the scholarship of André Morize, René Pomeau, I. O. Wade, Haydn Mason, Nicholas Cronk, and the resources of the Voltaire Society of America at Whitman College.

"*Voltaire is the philosopher that a world of bureaucrats, engineers, and producers requires."* — Gustave Lanson, 1894.